

The Sketch

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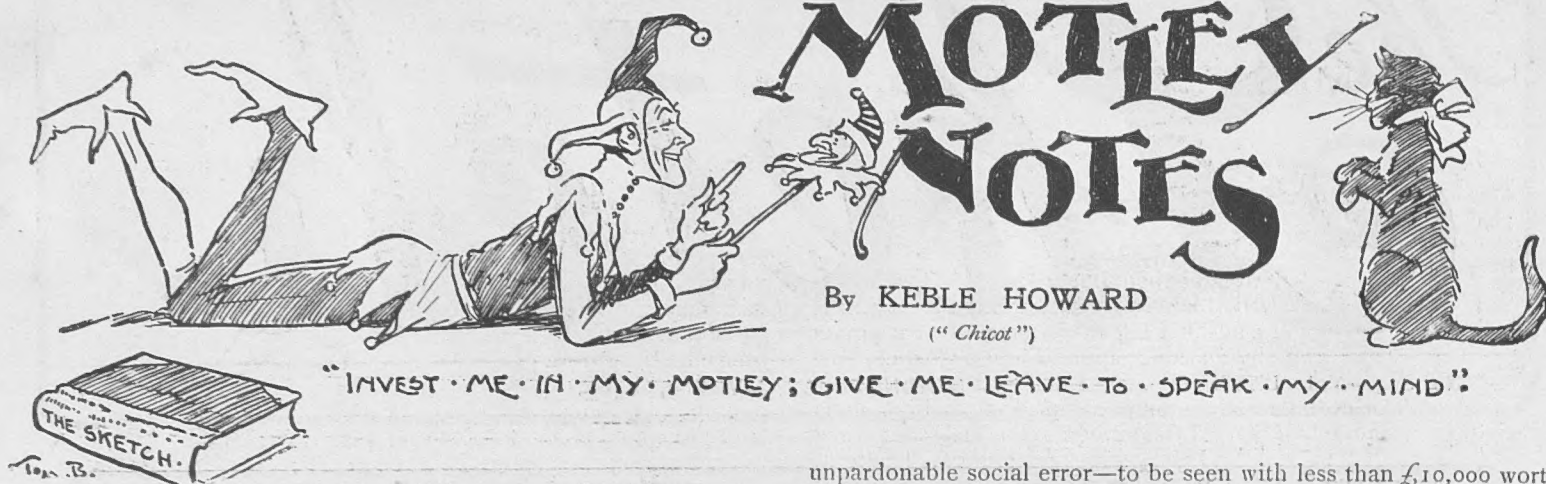
SIXPENCE.



Julian Rolfe (Mr. Herbert Sleath), Margaret Rolfe (Miss Grace Lane).

AN ORIGINAL CONCLUSION: MRS. ROLFE WELCOMES HER HUSBAND AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM THE TOMBS—IN "THE WOMAN IN THE CASE," AT THE GARRICK.

The fourth act of "The Woman in the Case," the new Clyde Fitch play at the Garrick, is interesting for two reasons: it lasts for but six minutes, and it provides an ingenious "wind-up" to a drama that might well have ended in far more commonplace fashion. All the audience has to learn after the conclusion of the third act is that Julian Rolfe has been acquitted, and freed from the Tombs (that famous New York prison), and that his wife's love remains to him. Not only does it learn that in the six minutes, but it is not clogged in the learning, does not fidget with hats and coats and wraps.—[Photograph by Foultham and Banfield]



The following interviews have been written on the instruction of the Editor of THE SKETCH, who, at this season of the year, likes to dish up a certain amount of chat for country cousins. We guarantee that the information supplied in every case is authentic, although not of necessity conveyed in the exact words of the person interviewed. Indeed, if you heard their exact words when we call them up, or call upon them whilst they are in the very midst of their work, you would appreciate the ingenuity and tact required to make these little interviews, now such a popular feature of all newspapers, so vivid, so readable, and so convincing.

"THE SKETCH" TRAIN—FOR DÉBUTANTES.

"Is there anything new in trains?" eagerly asks the débutante who has come up to town to be presented at Court.

"Well," said a prominent dressmaker, who has only herself to blame if we withhold her name and address, "the regulation length never changes, but remains from eighteen to twenty-eight yards. However, little differences of design are being whispered about, and those that will distinguish the train of this June from that of last are as follows—

"Materials, transparent as crystal, will be used for the trains of débutantes, and crêpe-Maud is to be a favourite fabric, lined with bouillonnées of powdered rose-leaves. The whole effect will give you the idea of soap-bubbles gone hard, if you understand what I mean."

"Perfectly," said our representative, stifling a yawn as he scribbled a few notes on his shirt-cuff.

"The corners of the train—this is extremely important, having an inner and slightly sinister significance that hostile Powers would do well to interpret ere it is too late—will be rounded instead of being cut square."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Will that brilliant innovation add very largely to the cost of the train?"

"Not very largely. I should say that it would just about double it. We are meeting the supertaxed classes halfway this year on account of that terrible Budget."

"Thank you. Good morning."

"Wait a minute, you silly fellow. Still more significant of novelty is the way in which trains are to be hung this season."

"Ah, yes! What possibilities for grace and ingenuity!"

"The possibilities are practically endless. It is as correct to sling the train from the top of a long pole held in the hands of the débutante, and just as perfectly in keeping with the etiquette of Court regulations, as it is to tie it to the ankles. The newest, and certainly one of the most picturesque, methods which are being adopted this season is to hang it over the heads of six coloured footmen, who execute one of the fascinating dances of their country as they follow the débutante up the room.

"Yes; we are turning out some wonderfully handsome Court gowns from 2s. 11d. Their glistening beauty is to be veiled with whistled tulle, so that they will shimmer and shimmer and shimmer away as if behind a cloud of exquisite film. If you get into a dyspeptic condition, and walk along with your eyes nearly closed, you will get the exact effect of what I am trying to convey."

Our representative promised that he would do so. "And now," he said lightly, "touching diamonds?"

"Yes," said the prominent dressmaker—who has only herself to blame for not being more prominent—"quantities of diamonds will be worn this season. It will be rather bad form—indeed, almost an

unpardonable social error—to be seen with less than £10,000 worth. The smartest tiaras are six feet high, and killingly spiky. They will be worn well to the back of the head, like a schoolboy's cap. Earrings will trail on the ground."

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE MOON.

"Lunar eclipses," said a distinguished astronomer in reply to a query put to him by a representative of this journal, "are not up to much. A solar eclipse—ah, with you all the time! But, believe me or not, just as you feel inclined, we astronomical chaps take very little stock of the moon. It's there, of course, and it's white, and round, and all that, but I give you my word we don't think much of it at Greenwich.

"Our feeling in the matter is simply this: There's too much fuss made about the moon. You literary coves are responsible for a good deal of it, and then some ass must needs go and call it the 'Parish Lantern'! What if it is the Parish Lantern? You wouldn't expect us to sit up all night watching the capers of the Village Pump, would you? Well, then!"

"This," said our representative, "is most interesting. But tell me, Sir Nigel, is there no life on the moon?"

"All depends whom you follow on the subject. In my latest book, 'The Moon Exposed,' which you might mention in your stuff, like a good chap, there is no life at all on the moon. Old Lord Thingummy, however, who never stops peering at the blooming thing, claims that, in the early spring of this year, he distinctly came across a bed of cabbages, or vegetation of that kind. I wrote a very witty letter to one of the papers, suggesting that they were probably Savoy cabbages—ha! ha!—but they didn't print it."

"Fancy!" said our representative, humouring the old gentleman. "One more question, Sir Nigel. Do you think it likely that we shall ever get to the moon?"

"For all I care," said the distinguished astronomer, "you can get—"

(Remainder of interview held over for obituary notice.)

PRECOCITY AT HITCHIN.

An extraordinary example of precocity is to be seen on a Hitchin farm. A fifteen-month-old child of the farmer was in full ear on the first of May, and is already beginning to show signs of senility.

"The child," said the farmer, "was born at the beginning of February of last year. It is fully forty years ahead of its brothers and sisters, and looks considerably more."

"How do you account for the phenomenon?" inquired our representative headily.

"Well," said the farmer, "maybe we know a thing or two at Hitchin as they don't know elsewhere, and maybe we don't."

"I'm sure you do," murmured our representative, who took a double-first at Oxford, but is far too polite.

"What I've allus said is this. Stands to reason as a man can't afford to wait sixteen or seventeen year nowadays afore his kids are old enough to be of use about the farm. What with bad weather, and taxation, and foreign competition, and one thing and another as a man muddles his head with in the newspapers, it stands to reason as kids must grow up a sight quicker than what they used. I don't deny, mind you, Sir, as I may have overdone it a bit in the case of this one, but the principle's right, take my word for it; and now if you'll step inside and take a glass of ale I shall be honoured."

Insure against Insanity with the Anti-Shock Co.

MRS. STIRLING GOES BACK TO THE STAGE.



MRS. CLARA ELIZABETH STIRLING IN "OUR MISS GIBBS," AT THE GAIETY.

An echo of the great Society divorce case that was heard in Edinburgh early this year comes in the form of news of Mrs. Stirling's return to the stage.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

ITS GROWTH AND IMPORTANCE DURING TWO-AND-A-HALF CENTURIES

CANADA was still affected last year by the aftermath of the American crisis, but this year sees a resumption of the Dominion's amazing progress. Settlers are pouring into the West—especially experienced and well-to-do farmers from the Northern States, a larger area than ever has been brought into cultivation, a bumper crop is expected, trade is reviving, contentment and prosperity are everywhere manifest. The construction of a new trans-continental railway is making rapid headway, as the recent sale of town-lots at Prince Rupert proves, and, from ocean to ocean, the record of the Canadian Pacific as continent builder will be repeated.

Canada, therefore, is once more going ahead, and all concerned in its development have reason for satisfaction. The outlook is notably good for the Hudson's Bay Company, which has the longest and most romantic history of any corporation in the New World. For the Hudson's Bay Company, under the arrangement by which it surrendered its sovereign rights to the Dominion Government, is entitled to one-twentieth of all the lands surveyed for settlement in the fertile belt, and, as a great trading corporation, its remarkable expansion is sure as population increases. It was the pioneer of the great lone land before the creation of the Canadian Pacific Railway transformed the wilderness to a granary and dotted a continent with flourishing cities. And the Hudson's Bay Company, which profited immensely in that instance, is certain to reap similar advantages from the opening of the new trans-continental, which will traverse 3000 miles of the finest lands in British North America.

Attention is thus directed once more to the rise, progress, and future of a company which, though vigorous and progressive, dates from the reign of Charles II. That is high antiquity for the New World, and, indeed, the Pilgrim Fathers had scarcely taken root in New England when the "Honourable Company of Gentleman Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay" began its operations as the autocratic ruler of an Empire! The Dominion Government is, therefore, a thing of yesterday compared with the Hudson's Bay Company, and wields no such absolute sway as the Company did when it was monarch of all it surveyed.

It was in 1670 that Charles II. gave to his cousin Prince Rupert—the bold but none too successful cavalier of the Civil War—the exclusive right to trade with the Indians in that great stretch of country whose rivers run down to Hudson's Bay. The Hudson's Bay Company was formed by Prince Rupert and his associates, who exploited the concession, and its history for nearly two-and-a-half centuries has been one of astonishing boldness and success. Furs were the Company's main concern in its early days. Its agents, established in factories or forts, traded with the Indian hunters, collected the pelts, and despatched them by the inland waterways on the long and perilous route to the coast for transmission to England. Even to this day the Company's fur trade is being carried on in like manner, though in more northerly regions, for the settlement of population in the south has driven the fur-bearing animals to the primordial solitudes beyond. In unbroken sequence for about a century the Company's fleet has sailed from Edmonton down the Athabasca into and on down the Great Mackenzie River to the Arctic Ocean, returning in the autumn with the furs taken ten months before.

Edmonton, just mentioned, is now a rising city in the west, but originally it was merely a trading station of the Hudson's Bay Company. So was Winnipeg, formerly known as Fort Garry. So, too, were other rising communities in Canada where the Hudson's Bay Company now has its emporiums of commerce for the supply of local requirements, instead of forts and palisades to serve as defence against nomads on the warpath.

The lifetime of an honoured personage with us to-day links the periods of contrast. It scarcely needs to be said that Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal is referred to. His Lordship is a patriarch who, though he has exceeded the allotted span by nearly two decades, is still hale and enterprising. He left his native Scotland as a mere youth to enter the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and he knows the wilds as few men living do. It must have been a terribly arduous life at times, but it seems to have agreed with Donald A. Smith, as Lord Strathcona was then; it developed, too, all the strenuous qualities of a remarkably fine character.

When the Company parted with its sovereign rights to the Dominion Government in 1870, it received nearly £300,000 in cash and a substantial proportion of all the lands available for

settlement in the fertile belt. Under that arrangement the Company becomes possessed of nearly two out of every thirty-six square miles that constitute a township—which gives it an aggregate of no less than 7,000,000 acres. Of that total about one-fifth has been sold, but four-fifths remain to be disposed of on conditions more favourable to the Company than those that seemed feasible when the settlement of the West began. The Company is, moreover, the owner of town-lots which are rising in value. Thus, inclusive of agricultural and

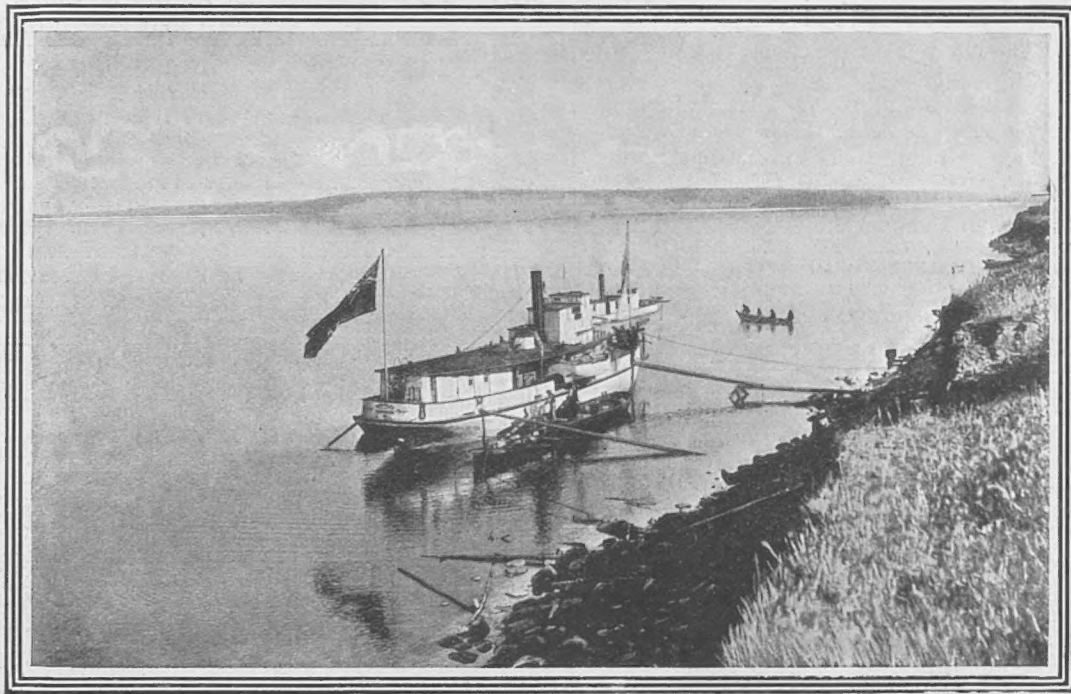


Photo. C. W. Mathers.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S STEAMER "WRIGLEY" AT THE JUNCTION OF THE MACKENZIE AND LIARD RIVERS, 1200 MILES NORTH OF EDMONTON.

town lands in the fertile belt, it is reckoned on a very conservative estimate that the Company—whose total nominal capital now does not exceed £1,000,000—owns property worth £11,000,000 sterling! That asset is a thing apart from the Company's trading enterprise.

In the settled areas of the West, the Company's primitive trading stations are now emporiums of commerce that supply the various needs of prosperous communities. If that evolution has been wrought on the southern parallel since the advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway—with further great developments still in sight there—it is inevitable that the same process will be repeated along the route of the new trans-continental, while, at the same time, the Company's lands must rapidly acquire value.

It looks, therefore, as though the old Company, which has been steadily progressive for nearly two-and-a-half centuries, is still far from the zenith of prosperity that must crown its enterprise—that it is really entering on another phase of progress, and that the possibilities of the future are ever widening as time goes on.

Yet nobody grudges the Company its success, for it has probably done more to stimulate the prosperity of the Great Dominion than any other public or private organisation. The Hudson's Bay Company, therefore, is a grand old institution, and it has a grand old man at the head of it.

SLAYER OF THE HOG THAT BECOMES THE BODY OF BAMBAZONE.



A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DIANA; MISS WINIFRED EMERY AS MADONNA GERALDA CAPPONI
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stuff to say "What rot!" about and remember, full of a sort of reluctant wisdom footlingly expressed that is worth its weight in little golden pieces. What? That over, trumpet blown, the blast

of ego without which it is not possible to get the passer-by to realise one's existence sent forth, d'y'see, why, let's settle down to work. Let's put our knees under the table, grasp a self-fillin' pen, which, bein' full to the lips, it is nevertheless necessary to dip into the ink—in my experience of 'em, the only ink that ever comes out of a self-fillin' pen goes on the carpet; but I'm no mechanic, I've got no bump of engineerin'—and let fly. There's the secret, there's the whole naked truth. And it's about this particular work that I'm settin' out to tell you. And it's vastly interestin' and helpful—far more valuable than the racin' tips, golf notes, or technical information as to the proper plantin' of spring onions which seem to be the only things that are written in the daily papers. What? Because it's this: it's what things a poor dear devil of a man needs by way of trousseau who is goin' to brave the dangers of matrimony. Ah! and now you know. Now settle down to this, you bachelors with adventurous spirits, and make notes.

Man's Trousseau. Well, then, havin' been called in by a pal who, once

married, will inevitably, if a good husband, soon become merely an acquaintance—it follows, d'y'see!—to give him a full list of the things to get, I dismissed him to think it over, devoted one whole day to the matter, on a light lunch, requested him to attend at breakfast the next mornin', and placed before him the gems of my brain. I wish it to be understood that I no longer joke when I refer to my brain, as I used to do. It's no jokin' matter. Oddly enough, it has turned out to be a brain—so much so that it begins to worry me. The fact remains, d'y'see, that, accordin' to precedent, heredity, and environment, I ought not to have a brain. Do you follow me? It's all wrong. It's very unique and peculiar. Lookin' round at the other Bees, I'm forced to come to the surprisin' and not altogether pleasant

conclusion that I'm a bit of a freak. It's a shock. I bar freaks. However, there it is. I can't help myself. That's wholly a private affair, however—what? You're achin' to hear about trousseau. Well—that's the third well already—havin' got this gibberin' bachelor in front of a really excellent omelette, I opened out on the all-important question. I told him that the only trousseau he needed, if he were to be happy one day in seven after the deed was done, wasn't to be bought, and couldn't be packed. Did he gasp and stare? Need you inquire? Whereupon I asked him a few stern questions. "Where can you buy tact?" I asked. "Does the Junior Army and Navy sell flattery, a constant supply of banknotes, the power of never saying no to somethin' that obviously oughtn't to be done, the gift of takin' all the blame for idiotic, extravagant, reckless and dangerous deeds committed by the wife?" He opened his mouth, but spoke only with his eyes. So I chucked the Gladstonian manner, the full-dress debate manner, and came down to his own level.

Details, and So Forth.

Imadeit clear, using easy Eton words, that it didn't matter how many ties, boots, pyjamas, suits, hats, tins of cigarettes, pairs of slippers, or handkerchiefs he took. Those things went without sayin'. What did matter was to go away on his honeymoon well stocked with the absolutely necessary tips, without a knowledge of which marriage will have become a failure, even

before the country-house lent by Uncle shall have been arrived at. Wordy, but good. I told him to leave truth in his bachelor quarters, locked up in an empty drawer. A quite small one would do. No man who took truth with him on his honeymoon could retain his peace of mind or his wife's regard. From the first he must make up his mind to have no opinions of his own. In marriage, to have an opinion and to state it is to be accused, with tears, of contradicting, of arguing, of bein' a bully, of bein' cruel, of bein' a fraud, of havin' married under false pretences. If he desired the sun to shine upon his domestic hearth he must flatter before breakfast, after breakfast, before luncheon, after luncheon, before tea, after tea, and before dinner, right up to the time when sleep brought temporary relief and blessed silence. He must make up his mind from the moment he left the altar-rails to be a sort of slot-machine, providing only just those things which the wife desired to have, and no others. He must make up his mind, also, that marriage, if it is to be happy—that is, devoid of rows—is one long series of bloodless revolutions. Every pet idea, every cherished conviction, every notion of right and wrong must be allowed to go to the wall. A man who has a wife, in short, and a wife for whom he cares sufficiently to live with—because there are lots of wives wise men instantly desert, and unwise men go on livin' with in constant friction—must not be a man at all. He must just be an echo, d'y'see: an echo with a smile, an echo which will write cheques without a murmur, warmly applaud all silly actions, all idiotic sayings, all unnecessary frocks and hats. And for this reason, O my brothers, is marriage ninety-nine times out of a hundred an appallin' failure. Men are, and will be; men, d'y'see, and women will remain women. . . . Good Lord!



AN OLD WELSH HARP (NOT OF HENDON): A CRWTH.

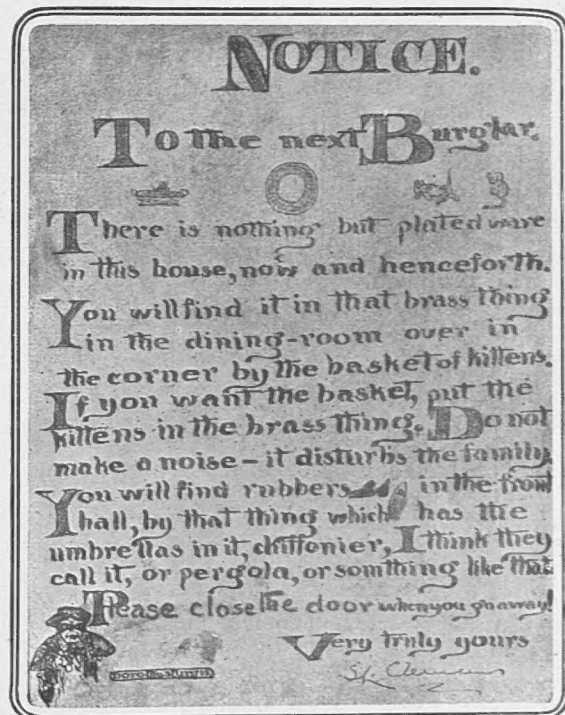
The crwth, comparatively few examples of which are in existence, is an old Welsh instrument. It is akin to the violin, and it usually had six strings, four of which were played on by a bow and two of which were struck with the thumb. It was 22 inches in length, and 1½ inches thick.

Photograph by Hughes.



A CLOSE SHAVE: A WOMAN BARBER AT WORK IN FRANCE.

Photograph by Hamilton and Co.



WE, TWAIN, GIVE NOTICE! MR. SAMUEL CLEMENS' NOTICE TO BURGLARS.

This notice was a result of the visit of burglars to the house of Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens).

THE CLUBMAN

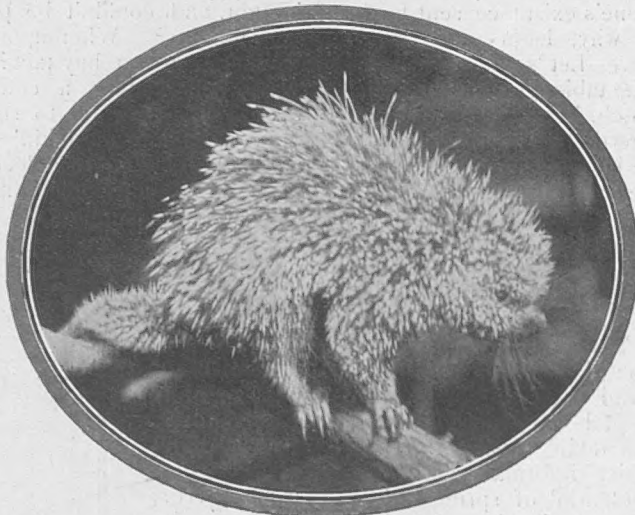
Frédéric Mistral. When, last autumn, I passed through Arles, the little Romano-Gallic town whose amphitheatre is one of the wonders of the world, the plump lady who sits in a glass sentry-box in the hall of one of the hotels told me, as a piece of regrettable news, that Mistral had refused to unveil his own statue, or even to be present at its unveiling. Of course, I knew of Mistral, for to travel in Provence without talking to everybody of the great Provençal poet would be to leave one of the principal subjects of conversation untouched; but that a statue was to be erected to him in his lifetime against his will was news to me. All Arles, however, buzzed with it. The old man (with a woollen shawl wrapped about his jaw to protect him from the wind which bears the poet's name) who opened the door to admit me to the Forum, was loud in lamentation that Mistral would not come to his own fête, and a lame man who hobbled round the Roman theatre with me as guide, and was inordinately grateful to me for a franc, was of opinion that the ways of poets passed all understanding, and that it was ungrateful of Mistral to snub people who were almost his children.

The Félibrige. But Mistral relented, for he is a good child, and last week's fêtes in the burning Midi were not robbed of their central attraction. Daudet and Mistral are the literary figures that the South adores, for both understood the warm-hearted people of the Roman towns, both belonged to the Félibrige, that group of men who banded themselves together to keep the Provençal language and the Provençal costume from dying out; and if Daudet created "The Arlésienne," Mistral has sung to Provence for fifty years in its own tongue, with its broad vowels and an "on" in every other word. It is pretty in the land of the mouths of the Rhone to find how the people adore their poet. When the Russian fleet, in the early days of the great Alliance, visited Marseilles, and all the town went mad with joy and wore the Russian colours, and besieged the British waiting for a P. and O. in the Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix, and threw stones at the windows — for there was no Entente Cordiale then — the burning question was whether Mistral would be induced to leave his home and to come to the Phocæan town to make a speech of welcome in Provençal to the Russian sailors.

A Great Letter-Writer.

Whether Mistral went to Marseilles on that occasion I disremember, as the Irish say, for the townspeople did not encourage the British to ask questions, and, returning from Algeria, I went on to more hospitable Paris without waiting to see the glorification of the Russian sailors and the poet, if he went to the city. Mistral is a very picturesque figure. He wears a great wide-brimmed hat thrust on to his head at a truculent angle; he has

a long strip of white beard pendent from his chin, and to shield himself from his namesake the wind he casts over his shoulders a cloak similar in make to those worn by the shepherds who pasture their sheep on the rolling plains where the ruins of old Roman towns stand up like rocks. And Mistral has never left a letter unanswered, which makes strongly for popularity. However poor and however uninteresting any correspondent may be, he has always answered him with his own hand. Of the letters he has received he has kept 36,000, which are all classified and arranged in books in the Museum Arlatin, the beautiful old fifteenth-century house which Mistral has presented to Arles. He bought it with the money which came to him as a Nobel prize. Some day it is hoped that the 36,000 answers sent by Mistral may also be collected and put into the Museum; but I have my doubts whether autograph-collectors will be easily robbed of their spoil.



A BEAST THAT NEVER DRINKS: THE BRAZILIAN TREE-PORCUPINE.

This porcupine, which is to be seen at the "Zoo," spends most of its time, when free, amongst the branches of trees, feeding upon the leaves and bark. It is believed that it never drinks. Its prehensile tail serves it as a fifth hand. The Brazilian natives are very fond of its flesh.

Photograph by Berridge.

The Gardiens de la Cammargue. I wish I had been in Arles last week, for the Arlésiennes were all abroad in their national costumes, the butterfly of black ribbon they wear in their hair, and the cloak of some very bright colour they wear on their shoulders; and Arles on a fast-day is peopled with as bright a crowd as Tokio is. The "Gardiens de la Cammargue" rode in, as is their custom on holidays. They are the herds who guard the half-wild cattle of the Delta of the Rhone, and they are picturesque folk, who spend their lives on horseback. Their wives and sweethearts ride pillion behind them; just as the Spanish girls used to ride behind the bull-herds coming in to the fair of Seville.

The Drums of Arles. The drummers and the fifers were all in the streets on the day when the statue of the author of "Mireille" was unveiled, and I have no doubt that the farandole went winding by torchlight through the arches of the Arena. The drum and fife produce marching music in most countries, but in Provence they stir the boys and the

girls to dance. Some little side-steps and then a glide seem to be the accepted *pas* for the farandole; and, with the drummers and the fifers and the torch-bearers going in front, the lads and lasses of Arles, knit by clasped hands into a long line, dance in and out of the arches the Romans built to support the grand circle and the upper circle of their great theatre of varieties. The statue of Mistral stands in one of the squares of Arles, and he himself



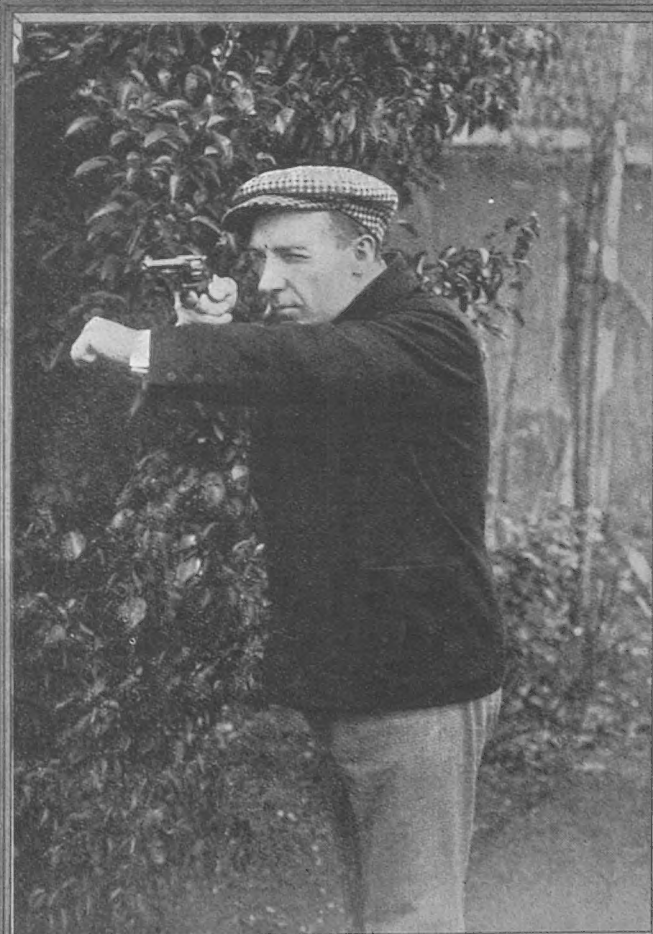
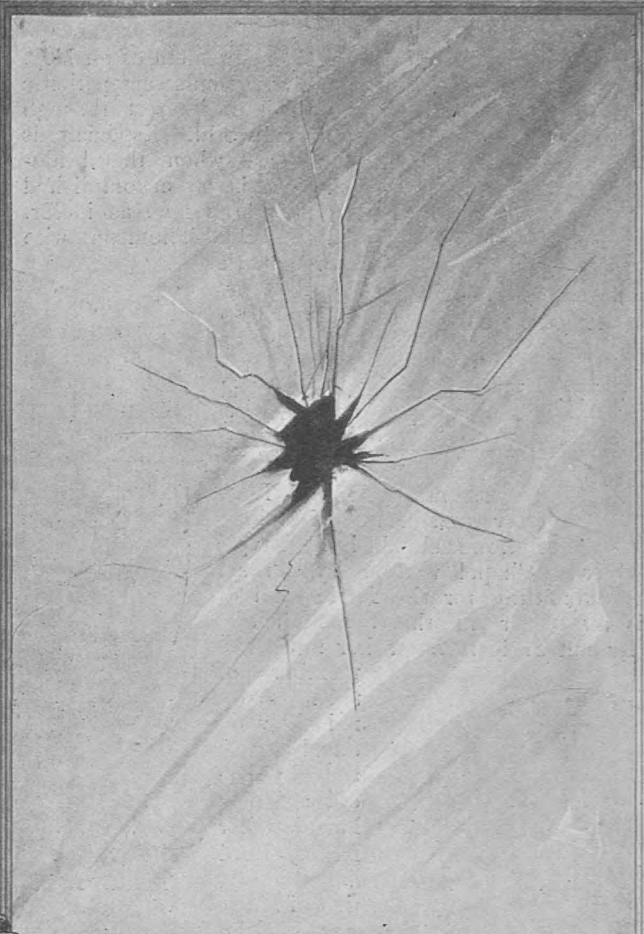
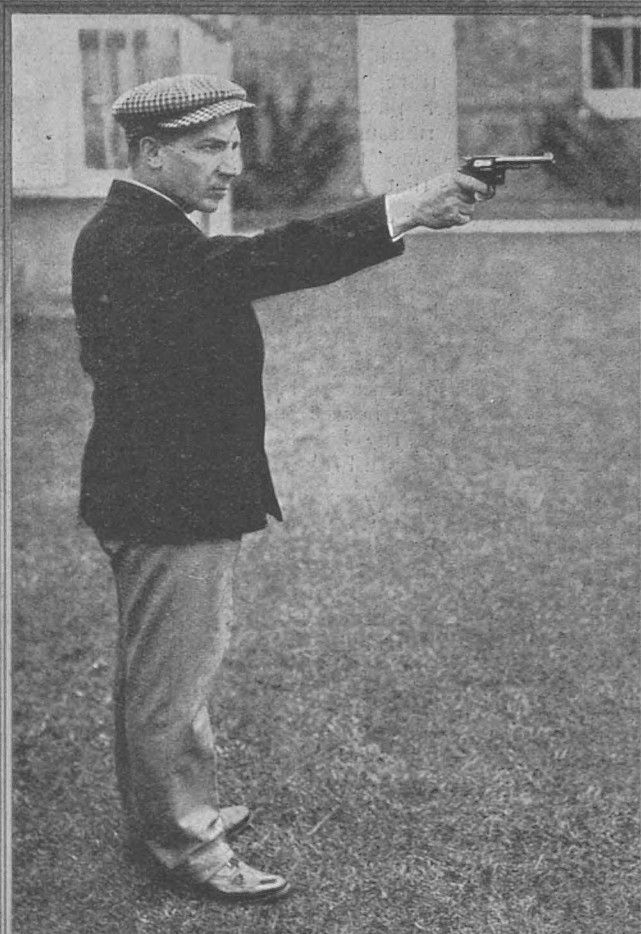
THE BEAMISH BOYS—AND GIRLS! REHEARSING THE CHURCH PAGEANT BY SEARCHLIGHT.

Many of those who are to take part in the English Church Pageant are engaged during the daytime. Therefore, a number of rehearsals had to be held at night under the beams of searchlights placed on the grand stand in the grounds of Fulham Palace. The Pageant will be held from to-morrow, the 10th, until the 16th.—[Photograph by Park.]

saw it unveiled and made a speech in Provençal to the multitude; and the poet was decorated publicly with the insignia of a Commander of the Legion of Honour, and all Provence shouted with joy when he received the official accolade. And I, too, wish him long life and much glory.

SHOOTS MON! OH, LAUDER!!

HERE'S TAE YE! A SCOTTISH WELCOME FOR BURGLARS.



HARRY OF SCOTLAND: MR. HARRY LAUDER WITH HIS BURGLAR-PERSUADER.

A few days ago, burglars visited the garden of Mr. Harry Lauder's house at Tooting, assaulted the famous comedian's coachman, and then bolted. As a result Mr. Lauder, wisely, has let the world know that he is ever prepared to defend his home. A loaded revolver—presented to him during his American tour by a cowboy—is at his side each night; and he has also a shot-gun.



MISS M. McEACHARN, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. WILLIAM MITCHELL-THOMSON.

veller, and writer. His fiancée is a typical Scotswoman, being the younger daughter of Sir Malcolm McEacharn, of Galloway House, Wigtownshire.

This Week's Two Great Marriages.

cal smart Guards Chapel wedding yesterday, and this was only fitting, for the future Earl of Albemarle is an officer in the Scots Guards. The new Viscountess is through her mother a

It was arranged that Lord Bury and Miss Hermione Fellowes should have a typical

member of that most mighty of ducal clans, the Churchills, and in his day her father, Lord de Ramsey, was in the 1st Life Guards. To-day St. Margaret's, Westminster is en fête in honour of the second great aristocratic bridal of the week. The bride is Lady Myee Carrington (who owes her quaint Christian name to the fact of her father's services to the Empire over-



VISCOUNTESS BURY (FORMERLY MISS HERMIONE FELLOWES), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Photograph by Rita Martin.

The Aberdeens. "Quite the contrary," was Lord Aberdeen's rather puzzling rejoinder to the rumour of his resignation. "Quite the contrary" just means that he retains his position as Viceroy of Ireland in the normal manner. That was

expected of him by those who know him. Lady Aberdeen had the satisfaction of learning, before her departure for Canada, that the receipts of the last St. Patrick's Day sale at Devonshire House broke all records. Considering that Irish industries have been the pet care of generation after generation of eminent people, the record required a deal of breaking. It is more than a century and a half since "the Countess of Chesterfield, who had not one thread of any manufacture upon her but the produce of Ireland, was better dressed and made a finer appearance than was ever seen in this kingdom."

A Legal Wedding.

Next Tuesday (15th) a pretty bridal will be graced by many members of

the legal profession, for the bride, Miss Elsie Gill, is a daughter of "Charlie Gill," one of the most popular members of the Garrick and Beefsteak Clubs, as well as a mighty pundit of the law. Miss Gill's bridegroom, Mr.



MR. WILLIAM MITCHELL-THOMSON, M.P., WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS M. McEACHARN.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MISS ELSIE GILL, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. HUBERT SMILEY.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

seas), and the bridegroom is Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, a son of the Duke of Richmond.

Sisterhood.

Lady Leila Egerton, it has been persistently rumoured, has given notice to the well-known Sisterhood at Clewer, near Richmond, that she desires to become an inmate of that establishment. She has many sisters, and her father, Lord Ellesmere, writes novels, and is well known on the Turf, but sisters, a father, harmless novels, and the Turf cannot account for Lady Leila's desire to withdraw from the world. Her reasons are, however, well known to her friends, to whom her inclination towards Clewer has been no secret for some time past. But perhaps, as was the case with ancient rumours in regard to the Duchess of Argyll, the present reports will not take actual shape. Her Royal Highness, it is said, corresponded with the Lady Superior of a Plymouth Sisterhood, but went no farther.



LADY MYEE CARRINGTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LORD ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX TAKES PLACE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

Photograph by Lottie Charles.



MR. HUBERT SMILEY, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS ELSIE GILL.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Hubert Smiley, is the third son of the late Sir H. Smiley.

Arms and the Man.

Lord Tankerville, of whom it is alleged that he waged battle with feudal fervour on his Northumberland estate, generally follows far gentler pursuits. His miniatures give no hint that he would be ready to wave either battle-axe or poker, and his singing, while sufficiently robust, is not aggressive. With painting and singing he has combined the art of preaching, and has often conducted services in a chapel on his estate. It is true Lord Tankerville was once a midshipman, and we know that in Captain Marryat's day a midshipman was a ready fighter. And yet to see Lord Tankerville among his orchids—flowers that are counted among his many hobbies—banishes all thoughts of pranks and pugnaciousness. Chillingham Castle, the scene of the alleged affray, has not infrequently been honoured by the presence of royalty.

THE NEW MAHARANEE.



THE MAHARANEE OF TIKARI (FORMERLY MISS ELSIE FORRESTER-THOMPSON).

The marriage of the Maharaj Kumar of Tikari to Miss Elsie Forrester-Thompson is announced to have taken place at Lucknow on the 9th of last month.

Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd.



POPULAR IN THE YACHTING
WORLD: MRS. POPE.

Very popular in the yachting world is Mrs. Pope, the wife of Colonel Pope, who has a charming place at Datchet, so well known to all lovers of the river.

Photograph by Bassano.

schemes had already taken shape when, instead of "stepping westwards," he took train from Paddington for his Duchy.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN LIBERAL M.P.: MRS. ARTHUR MARKHAM.

Mrs. Markham is much liked in political circles. The daughter of a distinguished artillery officer, Captain Cunningham, she married the present member for the Mansfield Division eleven years ago, and she and her husband live in the constituency.

Photograph by Bassano.

Fairs and the Fête. The Queen has promised to inaugurate, on June 23, what should be one of the most brilliant and profitable enterprises ever undertaken in the name of charity. A multitude of ladies, armed with the titles that are supposed to make even bazaars alluring, will array themselves in the arena of Olympia in the interests of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children. All Ascot, having Ascotted, will move towards Hammersmith, but even the Royal Enclosure will not boast such a crowd as is promised for Olympia. At one little stall you will be able to buy the pipe, or cigarette, of peace; and to show the manner in which every detail of the Fair and Fête has engaged attention we may mention that Lady Garvagh, the Marchioness of Downshire, Viscountess Massereene, and the Countess of Limerick have had no thoughts of late but of tobacco. All these ladies are busily probing the secrets of the weed, for they all are to serve in the tobacco department.

"You Bet." The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava is not the only American, by any means, who has set to and worked hard for the success of the Fair and Fête. Lady Dufferin, as well as Lady Alington, is to don the becoming, if tempestuous, petticoats of Louis XV.'s period, and the Duchess of Roxburghe will guide the fortunes of her stall with the sangfroid that makes her famous at the rudder, whether on the Solent or the Adriatic. Her maiden name, let it be remembered, rhymes with "you bet"; and "you bet it will work right through" is a prediction that carries conviction in regard to her department at

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

THE Prince of Wales, who is to-day doing his best to talk the talk of farmers at the agricultural show at St. Columb, has had the welfare of the London estates of the Duchy of Cornwall quite as much at heart as that of the smiling acres of the county he is now exploring. It has for some time been known that the Prince felt ill at ease as the nominal lord of the South London slum—"one of the plague-spots of the Metropolis," as it has been called, even in the Prince's hearing. It was particularly gratifying to him to know that the improvement

Olympia. Mrs. Ronalds, from whose box at Covent Garden have flashed the peach-coloured silks that are the signals of Mme. Nordica's presence, is to have at her American stall the assistance of Lady Speyer and Mrs. Stickney. Mme. Nordica, made very happy by the King's tribute, will sing.

Ascot. The Crown Prince of Sweden, who is dividing his time in England between Clarence House, St. James's, and Bagshot Park—the residences of his parents-in-law, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught—will try not to forget, in the excitements of Ascot Week, the affairs of the coming Olympiad at Stockholm. The Prince is perhaps more interested in the human race, and racer, than in the horse, and he has the promised Games very much at heart; but Bagshot in Ascot Week is not to be resisted. Windsor Castle also is given over to the event of the month, and the King sets an example to Princes by attending all four days' racing, although Queen Alexandra faces the fatigues of the Royal Enclosure for only half that time.

In the Swim. Lord Desborough bears testimony to the Crown Prince of Sweden's keenness in regard to the Stockholm Games, and Lord Desborough is an exacting enthusiast. At the beginning of the year, he stayed with the Crown Prince in Sweden, and, short of testing the royal biceps, he satisfied himself that his host had all the qualifications of a good sportsman. He was not, perhaps, so bashful of his own athletic prowess as to be sorry that the story of his exploits at Niagara had reached Stockholm before him. Lord Desborough, it is well known, twice swam the Niagara Rapids without artificial assistance. That the Nile Rapids were negotiated by Sir Claude de Crespigny is duly noted in that gentleman's Memoirs.

The Private Secretary's Daughter. The engagement of Sir Arthur Bigge's eldest daughter to Mr. Henry Adeane, of the Coldstream Guards, did not go long unnoticed at Marlborough House, which has, to all intents and purposes, been Sir Arthur's headquarters for the last eight years. Miss Victoria



THE LADY OF RHUM: LADY BULLOUGH.

Lady Bullough, whose distinguished husband lately bought the beautiful island of Rhum, off the coast of Argyllshire, was the eldest daughter of the fourth Marquis de la Pasture, and so has the blood of many great members of the French nobility in her veins.

Photograph by Bassano.



VERY LIKE HER MOTHER: VISCOUNTESS HELMSLEY.

Lady Helmsley is following closely in her mother's footsteps in the matter of philanthropic work. Like Lady Warwick, she is many-sided, and interested in politics, literature, and art.

Photograph by Bassano.

Eugénie Bigge's name tells the tale of her father's services to Queen Victoria before he undertook the duties of Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



ON THE HORNS OF A "DILEMMA": PEPETE CAUGHT BY THE BULL HE WAS ATTACKING.



THE BULL'S LITTLE HOUR: MORVENO ATTACKED AND WOUNDED BY HIS QUARRY.

The bull-fighters Morveno and Pepete were seriously wounded in the ring at Seville the other day. The former failed to get his sword home at the psychological moment, and was wounded by the bull while jumping aside; the latter was gored while attacking.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]



AFLOAT ON COCOANUTS: A RAFT OF THE NUTS ON A STREAM IN THE ISLAND OF LUZON OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Photograph by the Keystone View Company.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

"What the Public Wants."

The pursuit of the literary in drama is becoming a regular habit, even with those who have hitherto been content to be merely successful. A short time ago I should not have regarded it as probable that Mr. Charles Hawtrey would ever worship at the feet of the Stage Society. But the improbable has happened. He saw "What the Public Wants," and it conquered him—a fact which is creditable both to him and to the play. It conquered him so completely that he was prepared to play an unaccustomed part. One did not associate Sir Charles Worgan, the newspaper king, with Mr. Hawtrey. The Hawtrey manner is a precious thing, but it does not strike one as being likely to lead to success in business. It is the manner of one who spends money, not of one who makes it. The consequence was that on the first night the two elements did not combine very happily; but this was probably due to a first-night uncertainty about words, which will by this time have passed away. The author's own view of the character is distinctly original: it is not the view of Mr. Fagan, at the Kingsway Theatre, who sees in the newspaper king a stern, strong man where Mr. Arnold Bennett sees a man blind to the nicer shades of journalistic ethics, but distinctly worried by the consciousness of his own blindness, and anxious to give the "superior person" his due, so far as that may be done with a proper regard to the calls of business. So the Hawtrey manner is by no means inconsistent with the part, and it does justice to an extremely clever and interesting comedy. Miss Margaret Halstan again plays delightfully the part of Emily Vernon, and Mr. Louis Calvert is excellent as the stage-manager with ideals.

"Eunice." In the meanwhile America continues, with a persistence which almost compels admiration, to put before us its own theory of what the public wants. The recipe for "Eunice" is simple: we know it well in this country. All that is necessary is to remind the audience of something they have read in the papers, and nothing else is required; and if what they have read is the Thaw case, almost less than nothing else is required. Consequently, if Eunice, being the wronged mistress of Townley, marries Van Allen, and if Townley makes unscrupulous attempts to interfere with a happy marriage, all Eunice has to do is to kill the fellow and confess to her husband, and the audience is taken to be content. By way of concession there may be other things—the characteristic cleverness of Miss Fannie Ward, for instance; a reminiscence of the old story of the parents who have cast off their son and are reconciled by their baby grandchild; and some good work from Mr. Charles Cartwright, Mr. H. Reeves-Smith, Mr. J. W. Dean, and Miss Granville; and possibly English audiences may be content. This remains to be seen.

"The Woman in the Case."

At the Garrick, too, America is prominent. "The Woman in the Case," by Mr. Clyde Fitch, is a simple melodrama, unembellished by any grace or wit or ingenuity, and having violent sensationalism as its only aim. To many the sensation may be violent enough to cause satisfaction; but it is difficult to extract much satisfaction from the contemplation of Miss Violet Vanbrugh imitating, however brilliantly, a woman getting very drunk. That indeed was tragedy, but not the kind of tragedy that Mr. Fitch intended. This

brilliant scene was preceded by an elementary sort of detective story, which led up to a charge of murder against an innocent young man and a determination of his wife to extort at any cost a confession from the revengeful woman responsible for the charge; hence the champagne-bottles and crude revelry by night of a most tiresome character. The very sensation is itself a futile thing: for it is so obvious from the very beginning that the woman will confess that only the most unsophisticated could feel a moment's uneasiness about the result. Miss Vanbrugh and Miss Grace Lane and Mr. Herbert Sleath and Mr. C. V. France all work hard; but no acting could redeem such a play.

"A Merry Devil." It is a relief to turn from such things to Mr. J. B. Fagan's ingenious and amusing little study of the ways of sixteenth-century farce, which Mr. Cyril Maude has produced at the Playhouse. "A Merry Devil" is rather a curious title for it, being so aggressively modern in sound; but apart from this, the whole thing is surrounded by exactly the right atmosphere. There is a simple little story of a heartless flirt who plays tricks of a mediæval kind upon lovers who might have stepped out of the pages of Shakespeare—the Falstaffian braggart of Mr. Cyril Maude, the Malvolio-like fop or Mr. A. Holmes-Gore, the Petruchio-like hero of Mr. C. Aubrey Smith: and the trick played upon the last of the three leads to the complete conquest of the player. She has pretended to poison

the braggart, and wants his body buried—hoping that the hero will bring ridicule upon himself by burying with all due secrecy the body of a boar. Her punishment is a whipping, which brings her to a sense of his true worth—which may not be in accordance with modern theories of the relations of the sexes, but has a basis of justification in the observed facts of human nature. Miss Winifred Emery played the part of the lady with a merry vivacity, and with, at the end, the gentle and moving tearfulness which she always has in reserve; and Mr. Cyril Maude and Mr. Aubrey Smith were in their element. The whole thing is sketched in with delicacy and a genuine literary skill, and Mr. Fagan has cleverly resisted the temptation of allowing his humour to wear too modern an aspect. His object has clearly been to remain as Elizabethan as possible. This hampers him a little, for much Elizabethan humour has been for some time out of date; and it is remarkable how amusing, in spite of this restriction, he manages to be.



TO MARRY MR. LESLIE STILES; MISS MARION CECIL-MARLER (AS PRINCESS MARIE IN "THE KING OF CADONIA.")

Miss Marion Cecil-Marler, who appeared with considerable success, in the temporary absence of Miss Isabel Jay, as Princess Marie in "The King of Cadonia," is to marry Mr. Leslie Stiles on the 12th of this month. Mr. Stiles has just completed a 20,000-miles tour in America.

Photograph by Foulsham and Danfield.

BELT-AND-BALL: THE DIABOLO-KILLER.

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR THE ENGLISHMAN AT HOME: GURTABA, THE NEW GAME.



1. WAITING TO CATCH THE BALL ON THE BELT.

2. TOSSING THE BALL INTO THE AIR.

3. RECEIVING THE BALL.

4. A GAME IN FULL SWING--THE BALL HIGH IN THE AIR.

Gurtaba has just been introduced into Berlin, and is likely to come to this country in company with other things from Germany. The game is played over a net, and the ball is caught on and tossed into the air by a belt, one end of which is held in each hand.—[Photographs by Scheri.]



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Why the Warden Left.

It is to be hoped that all the good people who are booked to play parts in the English Church Pageant opening at Fulham Palace to-morrow will faithfully discharge their obligations. If they do not, there should be authority enough within those ancient walls to hang or, at the mildest, excommunicate them. The thing is, on occasions of this sort, to make unexcused absenteeism a subject for inquiry. That is what Archbishop Benson did. A couple of rustic churchwardens were showing him over one of his churches, when lo! one, in two minutes, was not. The Archbishop asked the other why and wherefore. "He's sloped, your Grace, to stick a pig," answered the remaining moiety of the guard. "Oh, very well," said the Primate, looking poleaxes and cleavers. The fate of the pork-stabber trembled for a moment in the balance, then the great man relented, and gave his thoughts only to gratitude to his companion. "Thank you for not sloping with your colleague," he sweetly murmured.

No Secrets.

The Imperial Press Conference may achieve many admirable objects, but it will not be in directions such as our American confrères would desire. From such a gathering they would expect new channels of information to open up, and if they did not, the gentlemen themselves would want to know the reason why. English journalism is still characterised by a restraint which is a puzzle to the American newspaper man, unless he puts it down to our all being so many "back numbers." And he has educated the publicmen of his country up to his own opinion. One of the most ticklish things that President McKinley had to do was to get Mr. Lyman Gage into his Cabinet. At first Mr. Gage said he wouldn't, then he said he couldn't, then he said he'd see—just like the lady loved of a lad in pearlyies. When it came to the yielding stage the two men met, and McKinley asked point-blank, "Will you accept the appointment?" The other said he would. "Very well," said McKinley; "the first thing you do is to step into that room and relieve the anxiety of the newspaper boys." And that is just what the novice did, and everybody thought it the right and only course to follow. It would be a little strange to see a deputation of that character at Downing Street when Mr. Asquith makes his appointments, and to find successful candidates trotting out with their portfolios to our newspaper "boys."

A Sound Understanding.

While too many people are talking of war with Germany in the way to provoke it, a writer throws out the suggestion that we should trust the supposed enemy and get them to trust us. One part of it might perhaps be a little difficult to effect. But we might, failing so happy and sane a consummation, have recourse to something of an

antithesis of the suggestion. We might do as did the French and German students browsing in the same intellectual fields at Strasburg. The position was defined for an interested inquirer by a German student. "How do you Germans get on with the French students?" he was asked. "Oh, we go our way and they go theirs," he said. "Do you ever fight duels with them?" "Duels!" replied the other, in astonishment at the suggestion that they should condescend to such friendly relations. "You don't imagine that we are on such friendly terms with them as that!" It may not be friendship, but it certainly is not war.



JAM OR MUSTARD! LES FEMMES SANDWICHES.

Les Femmes Sandwiches, as the French call the women "sandwichmen," are gaining ground in Paris, and seem likely to hold their position. Certainly, they cause talk, and that's the best thing that can be said about advertisements, walking or otherwise.

Black Art.

The harrowing stories of breaches of promise to marry which the courts have of late been furnishing may make one wonder whether, after all, these things are not better managed among the heathen. The Zulu young lady, when men are bashful, takes the matter in hand herself. She quietly disappears from home, and her excellent parents would not for worlds guess where she has gone. She takes a discreet friend of her own sex, and presents herself at the home of her favoured swain. The rest is easy. If he regards her suit with satisfaction, his parents receive her as his future bride, and forthwith preparations for the wedding begin. But Barkis may be unwilling; in which case his parents do not receive the damsel, and away home she goes, to think out another foray. But she is not wholly a loser by her trip. The gentleman who will not make her a handsome present, and she is thus dowered for her next expedition. The idea is a present to the matrimonial agencies.

Ordering the Epitaph.

We may take it that all the eulogies of Meredith were, if not exactly spontaneous and unpremeditated, at least unordered by their hero. That is more than can be said in the case of one of his contemporaries who preceded him on the last journey. The predecessor in question

was Matthew Arnold, who gave Browning definite instructions upon the point. There is a striking story in the Millais biography of thirteen at dinner at which Arnold was a guest, and of his being one of the first to rise—that the great enemy might be defeated. But though he scorned the superstition, he seemed to know pretty well on this day—not long before his death—of meeting Browning that the end was at hand. The two met on the steps of the Athenæum, and Arnold remarked

that they might never meet again. He was clearly ill, and Browning was much affected. Still he was staggered when Arnold said to him, "Now, one promise, Browning; please not more than ten lines." Browning mentally booked the order, and turned away with a solemn smile.



SIX LITTLE SANDWICH-GIRLS ALL IN A ROW: LES FEMMES SANDWICHES AT WORK IN PARIS.

Photographs by the Correspondance Internationale Illustrée.

SOLD AND EELED.



THE DOCTOR: No appetite, eh?

MRS. HOOK: No, Zur. Us ain't been able ter get nothing down 'im this week at all, 'cept a heel I put in 'is tea this mornin'.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



Miss Fannie Ward's Converts to the Play.

The Bishop of London, in addressing a recent theatrical meeting, expressed his delight at the strengthening of the bonds which unite the Church and the Stage. A delightful and somewhat unexpected example of this feeling was experienced by Miss Fannie Ward (who opened Mr. Marc Klaw's season at the Hicks

and indignant at his lack of knowledge. "Well," said Miss Oram, "I don't think it is very wonderful that people who are not interested in the theatre should not know the name of a dramatic author. If it had been a man like Sir John Fisher, I could have understood it." "Who is Sir John Fisher?" the dramatist's friend asked. "I have never heard of him." It was Miss Oram's turn to open her eyes in amazement. Incredible as it may seem, it was not pose on the part of the dramatist's friend, but a simple and direct statement of fact. She had never heard of the man to whom the British Navy, and eventually the British nation, owe so much.

Paris, Texas, v. Paris, France.

We in London, who are accustomed to the production of plays with every possible accessory to heighten their effect, have little idea of the make-believe that audiences are called upon to put up with, especially in remote districts. This fact was once vividly brought home to Mr. J. F. McArdle, the popular comedian who is playing General Popoff in "The Merry Widow," at Daly's Theatre. It happened in the days of his youth that he joined a repertoire company playing here, there, and everywhere in the small towns in the United States. The acting was bad, the business was worse, and the financial status of the Company was still worse, for salaries were not paid. The stage-manager left, and Mr. McArdle was promoted (?) to his place. Shortly after, the company reached a small town in Texas grandiloquently named Paris, whose theatre suggested a barn rather than a temple devoted to the service of Thespis. In his capacity of stage-manager, Mr. McArdle interviewed the resident stage-manager on the subject of the scenery for the play. "One act," he said, "represents a scene

in Rome, and takes place in a magnificent drawing-room; the windows open on to a large balcony, and through them can be seen the Tiber, with the Castle of San Angelo in the distance. Heavy silk plush or damask curtains hang on each side of the windows from handsome gilt cornices." The stage-manager waited quietly until Mr. McArdle had finished, then he gave him one withering glance and said, "Young fellow, where do you think you are? This is the Opera House, Paris, Texas—not Paris, France. You will play your drawing-room in our parlour scene with a wood backing, and if you want the Tiber and Mr. Angel's castle you will have to imagine them. As for your silk damask curtains, my lad, the nearest we can get to them is a couple of damned old army blankets!" Mr. McArdle thought it would be wise to accept the substitutes.



WAITING FOR THEIR CUE: UNDERGRADUATES AS BALLET-GIRLS.

Theatre last Tuesday evening) during her recent tour in the United States. When she reached St. Louis, her engagement was made a sort of festival by her many relations in that city, who were not only delighted to see her, but rejoiced in her artistic success, for she had not previously acted there, and her skill was a revelation to them. Among her relations is an uncle, who lives in Kentucky, and with whom, in the days of her childhood, she had been on close terms of affection. When, however, she went on to the stage he, in consequence of his religious feeling, refused to have anything to do with her. Miss Ward felt that the time had come to hold out the olive-branch. She therefore collected a bundle of Press notices—all of them couched in the most eulogistic terms—and adding a few photographs, she sent them with a cordial letter to her uncle, saying that if he and his wife would go to any of the cities in which she was playing, she would be delighted to have them as her guests for the week. Several days went by, and Miss Ward had almost forgotten the invitation, when she received a telegram stating that her uncle and his wife would visit her the following week. So unexpected was this reply that she thought a friend had been playing a practical joke on her and had sent a bogus telegram. This her friend resolutely denied, and a day or two afterwards the old gentleman and his wife, who were both between seventy and eighty years of age, proved it by arriving, having travelled a whole day and a night for the purpose. For the first time in their lives they visited a theatre, to see their niece act. They were so delighted that during their short stay in the city they went four times to see the play.

The Captain of the King's Navee.

How far the public knows, or rather is ignorant of, the names of men with which it is supposed to be acquainted is a question which has often been discussed. An interesting light is thrown on it by a recent incident which happened to Miss Mona K. Oram, who has so often played the leading parts with Sir John Hare. At lunch the other day she met a lady who was a friend of a well-known dramatist, and who, in conversation, mentioned what she regarded as a piece of crass ignorance on the part of the man who had taken her into dinner a night or two before. A certain play by her friend was being discussed and his name was mentioned. "Who is he?" asked the gentleman. "The author of the play we are talking about," said the dramatist's friend. "Oh," replied the gentleman, "I have never heard of him." And the dramatist's friend waxed eloquent



BROTHER BILL AS COUSIN KATE: UNDERGRADUATES AS DANCERS.



UNDERGRADUATES AS OTHER PEOPLE'S SISTERS: AMERICAN COLLEGE MEN AS DANCERS.

Photographs by the P. F. Press Bureau.

HE COULD NOT ZEPPEL TOO.



THE MAKER OF SUPERFLUOUS REMARKS: Wot's up? Won't it fly?

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Our Latest Critic. I have been reading, with much more attention than I usually give to the sort of thing, a book called "England and the English," by Price Collier (Duckworth and Co.) As a rule, books about us—just like our books about other nations—are written by more or less clever visitors, who make sweeping generalisations from quite insufficient experiences. I never despise the opinion of foreigners, agreeing with Byron that it has something of the value belonging to the opinion of posterity. But I like it to be that of knowledgeable foreigners, who have really lived among us and know us well, and I am happy in knowing some. Mr. Price Collier seems to me to be such a foreigner. He has evidently seen a great deal of English life, both in London and the country, in an intimate way, and I do not doubt has many English friends, as distinct from mere acquaintances. I should judge him to be more a man of the world, a man of affairs, than an arm-chair philosopher, though evidently he enjoys a bit of an argument. But he has clearly thought out his opinions for himself, as impartially as can be expected in a partial world, without accepting anybody's dogmatism. And all these things being so, his opinions are clearly worth noting.

Some of His Opinions. Some of them, I think, are open to question. Mr. Collier thinks that we do a great deal too much for the poor and unsuccessful, and that it discourages thrift and hard work. That would be all very well if without assistance every man willing to work could earn wages which made "saving" possible, but that notoriously is not the case. Of course you may say that the unsuccessful ought to be allowed to die off. I

once met a logical man of that view who said that the smaller a man's income was the heavier he ought to be taxed, to encourage him to make it larger, and if he didn't pay he should be shot out of hand. Mr. Collier does not say *that*, but his dislike of Socialism carries him pretty far. Well, the tendency of our civilisation is all against him, and if he is right in anticipating disaster for us, or something near it, as a result of taxing the rich and helping the poor, then the disaster will come. For my part, I think disaster, if it comes upon us, will be due to very different causes. This, however, is really his most sweeping and important adverse criticism. He notes—without the least offensiveness in doing so, and allowing generously the good side—the ultra-conservatism of our institutions and social habits. He notes our distinctions of class with a gentle humour, and without the rather stupid exaggeration in which less experienced Americans have sometimes indulged; he sees how largely success, not birth, is their cause. But he also notes, and praises warmly, the genuinely

democratic character of our sports and games and the equality which reigns, at least for the moment, among those who take part in them; and another thing—that our practice of sports and games so late in life keeps young and middle-aged on friendly and familiar terms. Those are good points, and if I think Mr. Collier does not quite see the other and bad side to all this absorption in trivial things, I can hardly quarrel with him about that. He remarks that our social life is ordered from the man's point of view; in America,

from the woman's: that observation has often been made before, but not with Mr. Collier's thoroughness of knowledge.

His Conclusions. He gives unstinted praise to the public spirit of the best of our statesmen, and to that of the multitude of well-to-do who perform public offices gratuitously. (In fact, I think he believes this latter quality to be a good deal more general than it is.) He praises us for "letting the best govern." He is enthusiastic about our prowess and achievements in the past, and is fair, on the whole, to what we are doing in the way of colonising and managing subject races now. But he evidently thinks, though he spares our feelings in the telling, that we are less efficient than we were, and that the ambition of others means a great danger to us. That may be averted probably either by a war with Germany *now*—he speaks plainly—or by a political and commercial federation of the Empire, or by an internal awakening. I leave it at that. They are the conclusions of a friendly and anxious sympathiser.

Where he is Wrong. I must not let him off a few criticisms in turn, however. In his zeal to make out his case, that this is above all a man's

country, he contrasts the superior physique, appearance, and "turn-out" of the men with those of the women. My observation, which must be longer and more intimate even than his, is all the other way. The improvement in stature and freedom of habit among our women, down to the "lower-middle" class, in the last twenty years has been extraordinary, while men have remained much the same. Then, in dress, he is obviously contrasting men of the upper sporting class with factory-girls, which is absurd. His remark that "they are a thousand years old, we are a hundred years old—we are in our first youth, they are in their prime," is an old fallacy. You don't make a *new* race by exporting an old one to a newly discovered country. The Japanese are not "varnished savages," and we do not ignore the natives in India and "govern alone": on the contrary, our troubles there come from unscientific experiments in giving them power and authority. I make these trifling corrections just to show Mr. Collier that I have read him critically.

N. O. I.



(DRAWN BY WILL HOUGHTON.)

HIS TAKING WAY!

ARTIST: Are there any pretty scenes about here, my good man?

NATIVE: Ay, there were some, but a photographer came and took 'em.

DELVING THE DIVOT.



THE SECRETARY: Excuse me, Sir, but you might replace the turf.
THE NOVICE: But if I did I should never get round.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

By EDWIN PUGH.

SIR DEANS COSWAY stepped out of the French window on to the hotel verandah, looked to the left and to the right; then, espying a red parasol, advanced on rather tottery legs toward it. His age was doubtful, but he could hardly have been less than sixty, despite his well-preserved figure, his mobile, expressive countenance, and keen, bright eyes. A handsome, well-set-up gallant of the old school, who nevertheless affected the very latest thing in Bond Street fashions, subscribed to the last inexorable word in collars, and flaunted the mode of the moment in waistcoats.

"Well?" queried Mrs. Stephany, as she slanted aside her parasol and looked up at him with a welcoming smile.

"Quite well," he replied absently, "except, that is, for a twinge of the old. . . . I beg your pardon!"

He sank into the low seat beside her with a half-stifled groan of relief; for his brilliant boots were cruelly tight, and there was an ineradicable taint of gout in the Cosway blood. Mrs. Stephany smiled on serenely. She was a pretty woman, of fifty or so, dark, small and plump, with restless bright eyes and a faded complexion of roses and cream.

"You have spoken to her?" asked Mrs. Stephany.

He nodded. "Yes."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" Mrs. Stephany's eyebrows climbed her forehead.

"What did she do, then?" she inquired with a sigh.

"Laughed," answered Sir Deans ruefully. "I had looked for a little tender regret, at least, and . . . she laughed."

"She is very young," murmured Mrs. Stephany consolingly.

"But not so young as you were at her age," returned Sir Deans. "You could be foolish—when you were nineteen."

"And was, I'm afraid."

"Charmingly foolish!" cried Sir Deans enthusiastically. "So was I—when I was at the masculine equivalent of the feminine nineteen, which would be about twenty-five. But the young people nowadays, they are so terribly sophisticated."

"It does not seem to me," said Mrs. Stephany, "that in declining to consider you seriously as a prospective husband Ella has given any great proof of her sophistication. On the contrary. But . . . patience, my dear friend. I will talk to her. Don't lose hope. Ella, for all her apparent flippancy, has inherited a full share of my own common-sense. I have no doubt I shall be able to convince her of the advantages of this alliance, which I, hardly less than yourself, have so much at heart."

"You don't think there is any prior attachment?" said the Baronet wistfully.

"My dear Sir Deans!" cried the lady, aghast.

"But you . . . you know you yourself married for love, Amelia."

"Ah!" quavered the lady. "Pray don't remind me of my great mistake. Love! Love is at best only an excuse for marriage; but wealth—position—is a justification."

"True, true!" he murmured. "You think, then, I need not utterly despair as yet?"

Mrs. Stephany laid her hand lightly on his sleeve. "One need never despair of anything so long as one keeps one's heart young," said she. "And yours—"

"A boy's, dear Mrs. Stephany, a boy's!" he exclaimed.

Meanwhile, in a distant part of the hotel gardens, Ella Stephany was talking with a tall, erect young man, named Richard Havers. That they were perilously near the verge of a quarrel was plain from the ugly scowl on the young man's face and from the girl's look of flushed expostulation.

"How can I help it?" she was saying.

Savagely he rooted up a pebble with his toe and kicked it into a tiny burn that crashed along at their feet through pale-green rushes, starred with yellow and purple blooms.

"It seems to me," he said morosely, "you don't try to help it. But, of course, he's a baronet and rich and all that. And I—"

"You are a most disagreeable boy," she pouted. "And unreasonable too," she added.

"Oh, I say, I like that!" he cried sardonically.

"I believe you do like being disagreeable," she retorted, "or you wouldn't—"

"I'm not disagreeable," he protested, "or unreasonable. I'm just sick, that's all. Why, he wears stays! He is old enough to be your grandfather. He ought to be thinking of the grave, not marriage. Fatuous dotard!"

"He is a very charming old gentleman," said Ella. "He does not scold, or sulk, or say unkind things to me."

"I don't wonder that you find the truth unkind," said Dick bitterly.

"I fancy the truth must be nearly always unkind to women," Ella remarked.

"Yes," he rejoined. "If women only cared to hear the truth, they might as well be deaf, I suppose. But I don't care. I can't fawn and flatter and tell pretty lies, even to please you. I am not ashamed of my feelings. I—"

"One is not ashamed of one's teeth," flashed Ella, who certainly had no cause to be ashamed of hers; "but one doesn't go about with one's mouth wide open, exhibiting them to everybody."

"What did he say to you?" asked Dick, after a sullen pause, during which he had tried vainly to think of an effective rejoinder to Ella's last surprising remark. "Did he go down on his knees, or how?"

Ella smiled mischievously. "I have never been proposed to so beautifully," she said. "I felt, for the time being, as if I were living in a book—some lavender-scented, old-world romance."

"Well, he is a bit old-fashioned, certainly," sneered Dick.

"He is not really old at all," said Ella. "And Cosway Park is a paradise, simply."

"He being the old serpent in it," muttered Dick. He faced her, frowning darkly. "But I will not stand it, Ella. I will go straight to your mother—she at least likes me—and tell her just how I feel about you. She was young herself once. She—"

"I shouldn't begin by saying that to her," said Ella. "Don't be cross, Dick. Haven't I refused him?"

"But you don't send him away!"

"How can I send him away? The hotel is open to him as well as to us. And," she went on, with a sudden obstinate contraction of the lips, "I don't see why I should send him away, even if I could. He amuses me. He talks most wittily. And he pays me the most delightful compliments."

"He would pay you the best compliment of all if he gave you credit for good taste," said Dick.

"What can you mean?"

"I mean that if he really thought well of you, he would recognise that his chances were hopeless. He must know that no really nice woman could ever dream of marrying such a doddering old . . . and . . . well, knowing that—as he must—it isn't very flattering to you for him to—"

"Please don't shout," Ella implored him; and he was so highly incensed by this seemingly innocent request that, after glaring at her for a moment in speechless rage, he swung round with a snarl and strode away from her along the bank of the stream.

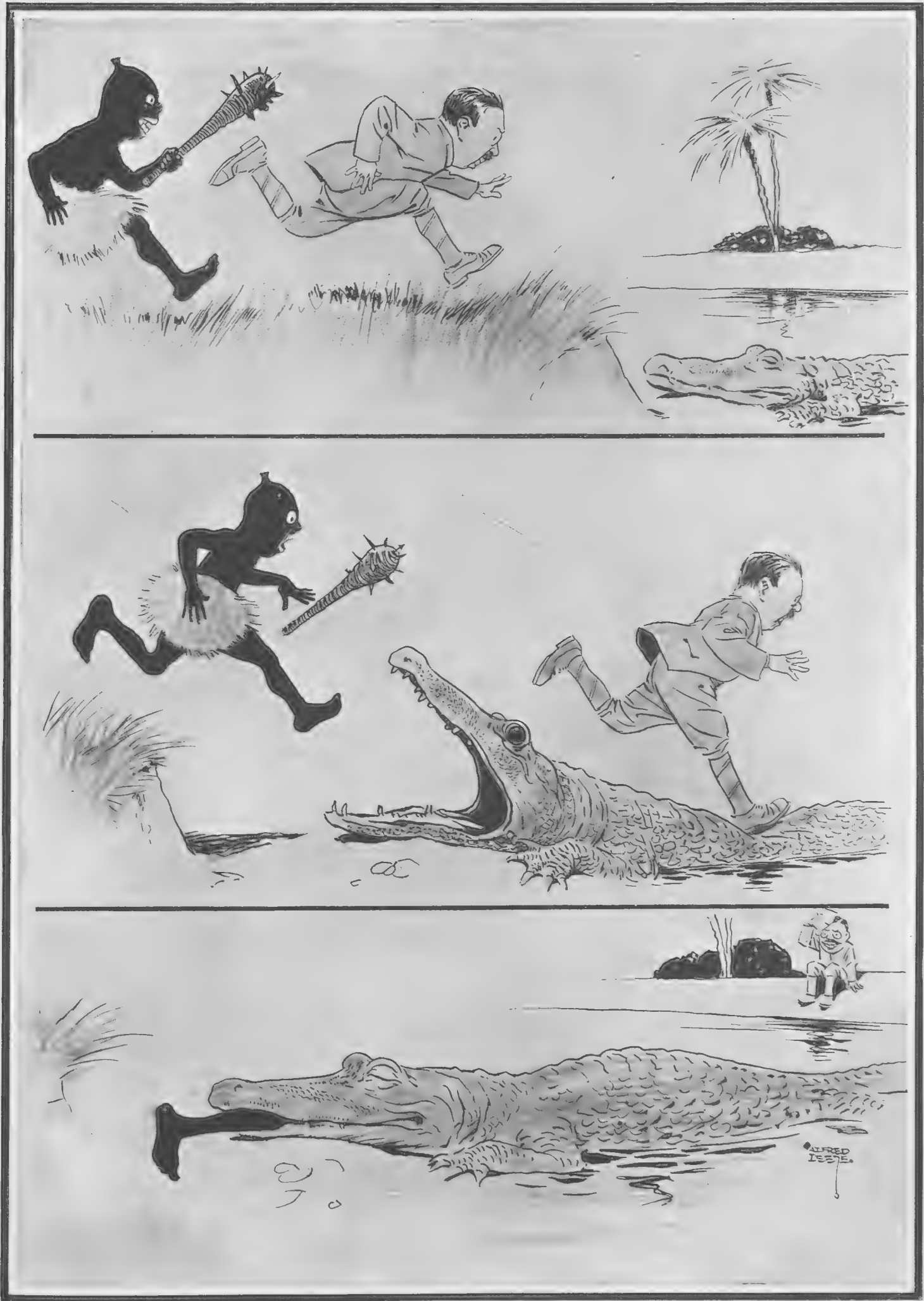
Ella made a gesture of the hands as if she would have recalled him to her side; then, recovering her dignity, she turned her back on his retreating figure and went her way, slowly and pensively, to the hotel.

That night she flirted shamelessly with Sir Deans.

There was an open-air promenade concert held among the hills, five hundred feet above the gleaming lake in the wooded valley far below. The air was hot and still. The moon hung in the sky like a lamp of pearl. There were a few torn scarves of silver-edged cloud in the nocturnal blue, wound mistily about the higher peaks. The scented softness of the air, throbbing with poignant strains of music, seemed to weave a spell of enchantment over the senses. Ella's bosom yearned for Dick, whom she passed and repassed

(Continued overleaf.)

“THE SKETCH” ARTIST WITH MR. ROOSEVELT:
THE EX-PRESIDENT IS NEARLY THE GUEST OF A SAVAGE CLUBMAN.



1. SPRINTING THE SPRINT. 2. CROSSING THE CROC. 3. BEAMING THE BEAM.
DRAWN BY ALFRED LESLIE.

again and again in the chattering crowd; but she clung to Sir Deans' arm, and only bestowed the most perfunctory of chilly nods upon her black-browed young lover, whilst to the elderly baronet she was all sweet maidenly towardliness.

Presently they sat down, and Dick seized on this opportunity to come up and accost them.

"Good evening, Mrs. Stephany," he said in a strained, husky voice to the apprehensive mother. Ella he ignored pointedly. "Sir Deans, may I have a word with you?"

He rasped out the words breathlessly, standing and glowering down at the two indignant ladies and the astonished old gentleman as if he held a warrant for their arrest. But the baronet's astonishment quickly gave place to pathetic dismay. For two hours past he had been longing to sit down. It had been a long ascent to that elevated spot on the mountain-side. He was bone-weary after the exertion of that steep climb and his subsequent perambulations. He put his hand to his side, and his head trembled weakly.

"Is it—ah—very important, Mr. Havers?" he inquired.

"Very," said Dick.

The old gentleman lifted appealing eyes. "The matter could not, I suppose—ah—wait?" he suggested.

"Not an instant," was the inflexible reply.

"In that case," quavered Sir Deans, "if the ladies will pardon my defection—"

"Surely," cried Mrs. Stephany in peevish tones, as she regarded the importunate Dick with strong disfavour, "surely your business cannot be so important that—"

"It is the most important thing in the world—to me," said Dick.

"Preposterous!" she muttered.

But Sir Deans, with his invariable courtesy, had already risen. "I trust you will deprive me of this delightful society no longer than is absolutely necessary," was all he said.

"A very few minutes will do my business," was Dick's grim response. He shot a sidelong glance at Ella, who, however, did not lift her downward gaze.

Then the two men strolled away.

"No doubt," began Dick tempestuously, "you think me an awful young ass, Sir Deans."

"[—ah—not yet," was the guarded reply.

"You're an old man. I am a young one," Dick went on heedlessly.

"Ah—very young, I should say," said Sir Deans, smiling at him.

"But not so young," Dick blurted out, "that I can't love a woman."

"I suppose not," suavely. "But, really, Mister—"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say," interrupted Dick impatiently. "I am aware that that isn't one of the accepted conversational openings. But you see, Sir, I happen to be in earnest, desperately in earnest, and I can't cast about in my mind for polite phrases just now."

"Is it not rather indiscreet to be in earnest after dinner, Mr. Havers?" ventured the baronet softly.

Dick turned and eyed him steadily. "I've not been taking any wine, if that is what you suspect," he said more quietly. Sir Deans winced perceptibly; he had suspected this. "My excitement comes from the heart, Sir, not from the head."

"Most admirably expressed, Mr. Havers, I am sure," said Sir Deans.

Dick gulped down something that seemed to rise in his throat. "In plain English, I'm in love. . . . with Miss Stephany," he announced gruffly. "Wait a minute. And try not to laugh, please. I've loved her ever since I first set eyes on her. And I am conceited enough to believe that—in a woman's way—she—she likes me, too."

"In a woman's way!" echoed Sir Deans. "And pray what do you imagine you know of women's ways?"

"Only this," answered Dick, "that I cannot understand them."

"Ah!" smiled Sir Deans. "And the more you try to understand them the less will you learn, my boy. For knowledge of women is one of those things which experience does not teach but only confounds."

"Well," pursued Dick, "do you think it fair, Sir, with your advantages of wealth and position, to try to cut me out with the girl, when you know you don't really love her yourself. . . . and I do. . . . while it stands to reason she can't possibly feel any genuine—"

"Pardon me," interposed Sir Deans, blinking rapidly. "I have no desire to baulk your confidence. But surely you must now agree with me that it is indiscreet to be so much in earnest after dinner? Let me put it to you, as a man of the world, that it would be wiser for us to return to the ladies at once."

"I don't want to be wise; I want to be happy," Dick answered miserably. "Sir, give me a chance. Don't dazzle Ella. She is only a child, really. Don't lead her on to act unworthily, to behave in a way that she would be sure to regret—regret bitterly, with tears—in the future. I'm not rich, as you are. I cannot make her 'my lady,' as you can. But I—God, how I love her!" And the boy's eyes filled with tears.

The baronet averted his gaze. For once in his life he was at a loss for words.

"She's the light of my life," poor Dick blundered on. "I could work for her till I dropped. I could win fame and fortune—for her. I—I would set her on a pedestal and worship her all day long. Nothing should harm her. She should never have a care. To save her one moment's uneasiness I would pour out my last drop of blood. I would do anything—anything—to make her happy. I would even give her up, if I thought. . . ." He choked. "I am aware, Sir," he said brokenly, "that all this must sound very ridiculous to you. Very likely you are laughing at me in your sleeve—"

"No, no, no!" cried Sir Deans in a firm, clear voice. "Not at all, I assure you."

There was such a startling change in the baronet's tone that Dick was wholly taken aback and lost the thread of his discourse. "You will give me a chance?" he mumbled, pleading now as a schoolboy to his master. "You know what girls are. To be 'Lady Cosway' must seem a very splendid destiny."

"Nonsense!" said the baronet sharply; "how should I know what girls are? Have I not already told you. . . ? Really, this is the most extraordinary conversation I have ever taken part in!" He stopped dead and stood confronting Dick, with his eyes blinking harder than ever.

"If you married her," said Dick, "do you think either of you would be happy? Wouldn't everybody know that she had married you, not for yourself, though she admires and respects you immensely"—this was a shrewd thrust—"but for the wealth, the establishment, the name and position it is within your power to confer on her? And don't you think, when the glamour of possessing all those advantages had faded and passed away, that she would feel humiliated and ashamed? She might even get to hate you, knowing that everybody knew why she had become your wife and despised her in consequence. Some women would envy her, no doubt; but their envy would be an added insult, because it would rank her along with them. She would grace your household—she would grace a palace, of course—but she could not give you her heart; and at last you would grow to realise that you had ruined her life. . . . and, incidentally, mine, too, not to speak of yours."

"But I am not aware, Sir," exclaimed Sir Deans, "that you personally have any sort of claim whatsoever upon my consideration. You see, I leave myself out of the matter entirely—as you do. . . . No, no," he added hastily, testily. "I have heard enough—more than enough. You assume too much, young man." He put up a deprecatory hand between them. "Not another word. Let us go back to the ladies."

Dick hesitated a moment. Then: "Thank you, Sir," he faltered out in a fervent whisper.

"For what?" asked Sir Deans sharply.

Dick smiled. "Just 'Thank you'; that's all," said he.

And then they walked slowly back.

"Ah-h! I am tired," sighed Sir Deans, as he sank into his old place beside Mrs. Stephany. "I say, Havers, why don't you take Miss Ella and show her that waterfall? Most wonderful sight, with all those coloured lamps hung about it," he remarked, addressing the dumbfounded Mrs. Stephany. Ella rose slowly, regarding her lover's face curiously.

Then, as the two young people wandered off together, Sir Deans turned to Mrs. Stephany, again with his rare charming smile wrinkling the crow's-feet about his eyes.

"To-night," said he, endeavouring by an unwonted tenderness of tone to soften the asperity of her demeanour; "to-night, Amelia, I have been indulging in a pernicious habit that I thought I had completely discarded many years ago."

"Indeed!" quoth the lady.

"I have been. . . . what is called. . . . thinking things over," he explained.

"And, if I may say so, Sir Deans, you have also made me think," she said softly, after a pause.

There was an eloquent silence for some minutes.

"Ella's prior attachment—you implied that there was no prior attachment, Amelia—is a most remarkable young man," said Sir Deans presently. "He will get on."

"Then why not leave him to his own resources?" asked Mrs. Stephany, still not quite appeased. "Why go out of your way—"

"When we were young together," he said, "we were sometimes grateful for a little kindly interference, were we not?"

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

"I mean what I meant then," he replied; "in those golden days when we had dreams of a future in common. I think it was because Ella reminded me so much of you that I thought I wanted to marry her."

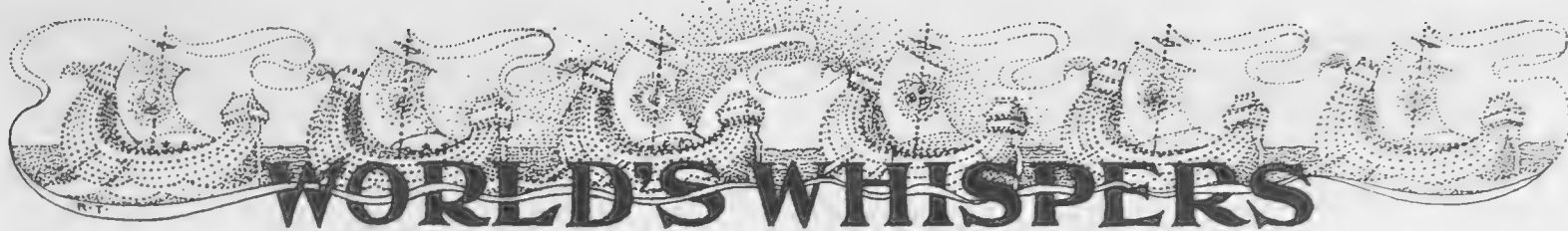
Mrs. Stephany fingered the stuff of her dress. "I hardly follow you, even now," she faltered.

"But why," he whispered, drawing closer to her; "why should I seek to possess a replica whilst here is the original? Will you marry me, dear?"

For answer she slipped her soft, warm, motherly hand into his dry, shrivelled palm.

"I have often wondered why you never thought of asking me instead of Ella," she confessed demurely.

THE END.



MRS. LIONEL PHILLIPS, the brilliant wife of the great South African millionaire, is now appearing in a new rôle—that of chaperon to a pretty, young daughter. Her ball started the dancing season in an exceptionally charming fashion, the dancing men actually predominating! No fewer than seventeen of Mrs. Phillips' friends gave dinners in honour of the event, and every smart débutante was present. Mrs. Lionel Phillips is South African by birth; after the Raid her husband was one of the four Uitlanders condemned to death, and her book, "Some South African Recollections," contains far the best account of that stirring time yet written.

Grosvenor Squared. Grosvenor Square has lost some of its ancient glories. It has given up its ghost, for how could any house continue to be haunted when, every five minutes, the rumble of an omnibus disturbed its reveries? All the same, Grosvenor Square is still a fine quarter, beloved alike of the lady novelist and of the American hostess. Mrs. Drexel, having set the fashion in fine style with her gorgeous new palace,

is now followed by Mrs. Coventry, who rents also that pleasant riverside place, Stonor Park. It is now decided that the Square is not to lose Sir Ernest Cassel as the owner of one of its mansions, for his daughter, Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, will be its future occupant. At No. 31, taken by Mrs. Miller Mundy for the season, there are to be the dances dear to a daughter débutante.

Mrs. Tiffany. St. Moritz has sent the Duchess of Marlborough back to town in high health

not prolong the recess to travel further afield with anything like comfort. Political opponents were wonderfully friendly when they met in the Bois—Lord Granard and Mr. George Wyndham, to wit.

Each politician had with him his fascinating wife. But it is not merely Englishmen who give so English a look to the Gay City. Frenchmen now, in great numbers, buy their clothes in London, and many of them push their shoulders forward and their hats backward in the most approved Piccadilly fashion. In Italy, strange to relate, the imitation of the dress and bearing of Englishmen is confined to race-meetings.

Rice at a Wedding. After thirteen years, the Hon. Gladys Rice has followed the example of her younger sister, and her wedding is to take place next week at the church which is one of the least obtrusive features of Portman Square. Lord Dynevor, her father, is now in the eighth decade of his life; but Dynevor Castle can claim, it is said, an existence of eight centuries, and the Rice ancestry has a way of wandering back into even remoter periods. An illuminated pedigree, made in 1600, is

naturally one of Lord Dynevor's pet possessions, for it carries the family's history back into the far past, and sets it rolling, with the Round Table, among the Arthurian legends. Edmund Spenser placed Merlin's cave in "The Faerie Queen" somewhere on Lord Dynevor's beautiful Welsh estate.

Sitters. Although everybody looks well at the Opera, Lady Diana Manners aroused special admiration there the other night. And Lady Diana stands the



APPEARING IN SOCIETY IN A NEW RÔLE: MRS. LIONEL PHILLIPS.

Mrs. Lionel Phillips is now chaperoning a pretty, young daughter. Her husband was one of those "Uitlanders" who were condemned to death after the Jameson Raid.

Photograph by Beresford.



PEERESS AND COMPOSER: LADY HAWARDEN.

Lady Hawarden, who has just composed a clever operetta, which is shortly to be performed in aid of St. Stephen's Church, Twickenham, is the mother of the present peer, who is still a minor. This peeress-composer was one of the Ogles of Steeple Aston, and by her marriage she calls cousin with Mr. Cyril Maude, the actor-manager.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

and spirits. In less time than it takes to shell a peck of peas she had planned one of the most interesting dinners of the season, and Curzon Street, "slow as molasses in January" during her absence, was alive again. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid could throw no new light on the mystery of the missing candidate for her husband's berth at Dorchester House, even though the Marquess de Soveral, all diplomatic ears, was her neighbour at the Duchess of Marlborough's table. Mr. Vanderbilt was there too, without his black pearl, but with an admiring eye for Mrs. Tiffany's jewels. Indeed, that lady knows that a name draws more attention to her trinkets than the glitter of any diamonds.

The Entente Again. Paris is "quite English, you know." The Whitsun holiday took thither a number of English Parliament-men, who had been closely kept at work for some time, and could



ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR MARCHIONESSES: LADY HEADFORT.

Among twentieth-century Marchionesses one of the best liked in the country of her adoption, Ireland, is young Lady Headfort. This is owing both to her rare beauty and to her qualities as a sportswoman. Her husband's two estates are situated in splendid hunting country.


Photograph by Rita Martin.




INHERITOR OF THE ALFONSO LIP: THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS, HEIR TO THE THRONE OF SPAIN.

The two-year-old Prince of the Asturias is already a typical member of his ancient royal house, as is shown by his remarkably decided mouth and lip. The "Alfonso lip" has become a tradition in Spain.—[Photograph by Kaulak.]

test of cold daylight and cold marble triumphantly at Burlington House, where Mr. Mackennal's bust of her is exhibited. Evidently she is fated to spend as many hours in the studios of London as her charming sister, Lady Marjorie Manners. Mr. Mackennal is one of those sculptors who believe in talking to their sitters, thus keeping the features before them more or less animated. There is a story of one who generally asked his professional model where she had been sitting of late, and received on one occasion the answer that she had been with Mr. Whistler. "And did he talk to you?" "Yes, Sir." "What did he say?" "He asked me who I'd been sitting to, same as you do, and I told him I'd been sitting to Mr. —, Sir." "Well, what else?" "He asked me who I'd been sitting to before that, and I said Mr. —." "And what next?" "He asked me who I'd been sitting to before that, and I said I'd been sitting to you, Sir." "What did he say then?" "He said, 'What a d—d crew!'"



KEY-NOTES



The Pursuit of Melody.

Is the pace of musical progress becoming a little too keen for those who regard music as nothing better than a pastime? The question is raised by the remarkable revolt against ultra-modern music that has been witnessed in London, first at the Coronet Theatre, and now at Drury Lane. When it was announced that an Italian Opera Company was coming to London to enter into a mild competition with Covent Garden in Notting Hill, the tidings concerned but a few. A brief visit to the house sufficed to reveal all the most insincere traditions of the mid-Victorian era faithfully reproduced. But the great elderly and middle-aged public, the generation that can now rest from its labours and survey our struggles without feeling tired, wanted old-fashioned Italian opera, and, quite unashamed, is revelling in delights that send a cold shiver along the spine of the moderns. When all is said and done, people will have what they like, and if Early Italy is to come back to us, it is useless to repine. We may adapt some famous lines—

The opera's laws, the opera's patrons give,
And those who live to please, must please
to live.

The Old Brigade.

Even Covent Garden is profoundly conscious of the trend of what is sometimes called "the public taste"—indeed, some of the revivals that the past week or two has witnessed seem to carry resurrection a little too far. "The Barber of Seville" is ever welcome—in some ways it is the masterpiece of a great composer; but can the same be said for "La Sonnambula"? It does not greatly matter; there is some public demand for the time-worn favourite, and it may be doubted whether there is not a larger audience for "La Sonnambula" than for "Pelléas et Mélisande," which has not succeeded in rousing at Covent Garden the enthusiasm it has evoked elsewhere. One cannot avoid the thought that many lovers of music look upon new form much in the same way as ardent playgoers regard modern problem-plays. The playgoer likes to have his eye pleased and his emotions gently stimulated; the opera-goer is, after all, no more than a theatre-goer who has deserted the drama in order to take his favourite recreation in a slightly different form. If the rather elderly prophets whom one meets in the foyer at Covent Garden gloating over memories half a century old are justified of the faith that is in them, they will live to see a revival of florid Italian opera, and they speak in tones that leave us quite uncertain whether they regard their announcements as a promise or a threat.

A Great Artist. M. Slezak, the tenor from Bohemia who made his



A SPANISH SOPRANO FOR DRURY LANE: MME. GALVANY.

Mme. Galvany, the well-known Spanish soprano, made her London début in opera at Drury Lane the other day, and on Monday "Rigoletto" was staged for the second time for her. Yesterday (Tuesday) it was arranged that she should appear in "The Barber of Seville." Mme. Galvany is in her twenty-eighth year.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.



A SOPRANO FOR COVENT GARDEN: MLE. MARIE BÉRAL.

Mlle. Marie Béal, whose portrait is given here, is the young singer who made a very successful début a few weeks ago at Covent Garden in the title-rôle of Gluck's "Armide." She is a dramatic soprano, and made her début in the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, where she had the good fortune to be heard by representatives of the Grand Opera Syndicate of London, who at once engaged her. She may be heard in some of the new French operas that have yet to be produced at Covent Garden.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

first appearance this season as Otello, is said to be one of Jean de Reszke's favourite pupils, and he made a brief appearance here some years ago. M. Slezak has a very commanding stage presence and a splendid, resonant tenor voice, that should become still more effective when the singer learns to sing more and to declaim less. There were moments last Wednesday night when it was a little difficult to realise that M. Slezak had passed through the skilled hands of Jean de Reszke, who does not countenance the style of utterance that is known as Sprachgesang. But if there were times when the new singer did not justify all that had been said in his praise, there were still more occasions when he realised all that had been hoped for, and there can be no doubt that he will prove a very valuable recruit to the ranks of Covent Garden's tenors. He is a fine actor, and can control his voice in most dramatic passages. The keenness of modern competition, even in the expensive world of the grand opera, may be gathered from the fact that at least two foreign impresarios had sent representatives to the Opera House armed with contracts to be offered to M. Slezak if he fulfilled his teacher's very flattering hopes. Mme. Edvina appeared in a new rôle, that of Desdemona, and sang the music delightfully, with a measure of feeling and expression hard to over-praise. But she has yet to acquire the full measure of personal dignity and the full control of gesture that should be associated with the part. Signor Scotti's Iago was, from the dramatic standpoint, as wonderful a performance as ever.

"A Mass of Life." On Monday night, too late for notice in this place, "A Mass of Life," by Frederic Delius, was produced at the Queen's Hall under the direction of Mr. Thomas Beecham. The North Staffordshire District Choral Society was supported by Mr. Thomas Beecham's Orchestra of a hundred performers. Mr. Delius, who is an Englishman by birth, comes very slowly to his kingdom in this country; he is essentially a musician's musician, though his "Brigg Fair" and "Sea Drift" have already gained a large measure of acceptance from the public. Mr. Beecham, who is a great believer in the composer's present achievement and future position, has done a great deal for Delius' work in this country, and has given to "A Mass of Life" the careful rehearsal that does so much to secure for an important work the best chance of acceptance. Not a few of the novelties presented on our concert platforms are damned for lack of sufficient rehearsal; but rehearsals in this country are costly, more costly than they are on the Continent, where new work often has a better chance of reaching the audience. COMMON CHORD.



Motor Antiques.

Inspection of the collection of historical motor-cars which has been assembled in one of the pavilions at the White City is a liberal education in the evolution of the modern self-propelled carriage. Indeed, so far and distinctly have the modern forms of motor-car departed from those that first took the road in 1891 in France and Germany, and in 1895 in this country, that even the pioneer motorist, who has lost touch with the past, will find that he views these venerable relics of scarce a decade ago with something like surprise. Though old, they are nevertheless so young. What is a brief term like eighteen years in the history of what is becoming a revolutionary movement in road locomotion!

Evidence of British Possibilities.

Although Colonel Crompton's Grand

Trunk Road Steam Carriage stands the doyen of the collection, it cannot be said to be of the motor-car renaissance (which must be dated from 1890, with Gottlieb Daimler as its high priest and Levassor as his fervid disciple), any more than can the early steam tricycle built by Mr. Art Bateman in 1880, and the steam vehicles of De Dion and Serpollet up to 1889. The second birth of the self-propelled vehicle—the modern motor-car—dates from the first conceptions of the two great Franco-Teutonic minds already quoted. Even then, and but for prejudiced stupidity and crass opposition, this country would not have lagged so far behind France and Germany, for there on the English Stand at the White City is the Knight car, completed early in 1895, which was in regular use by its enthusiastic maker until November of the same year, when, urged by a bucolically intolerant spirit, the authorities stopped it because it did not comply with the Traction Engine Act.

Holden's Bicycle Abreast of the Foreigner.

In the same year came a most original conception from Colonel H. C. L. Holden, R.A. (then, as now, head of the Arsenal gun and carriage factories, Woolwich), which embodied many ideas actually obtaining to-day upon up-to-date engines. I refer to the Holden four-cylinder self-propelled bicycle, of which a four-cylinder pair-opposed horizontal engine formed part of the lower member of the frame, and which drove a back wheel by connecting-rods directly from the outer ends of a cross-head common to the four cylinders. This most ingenious little machine had high-tension accumulator ignition, with a high-tension current distributor, and ignition-control on same, an elegant refinement not adapted to big cars until some years later. Two British cars, dating back to 1898, which point to the originality of the British engineering mind when it was directed to motor-car design are the original experimental car

built by Messrs. James and Browne, Ltd., and the Lanchester car, designed by Mr. Fred Lanchester, the well-known gas-engine patentee, which took the gold medal at the First Automobile Show at Richmond. The James and Browne car had, amongst other things, wheel-steering and live-axle drive; while the Lanchester had low-tension magnetic ignition and worm-drive. Wheel-steering and live-axle drive are universal to-day, while worm-drive has been adopted by Napier and Dennis, and is retained in the modern Lanchester car.

Gear-Change the Same Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever.

Amongst the French exhibits, one's attention is very naturally drawn to the earliest Panhard, a two-cylinder 2½-h.p. car, lent by M. Hippolyte Panhard, of

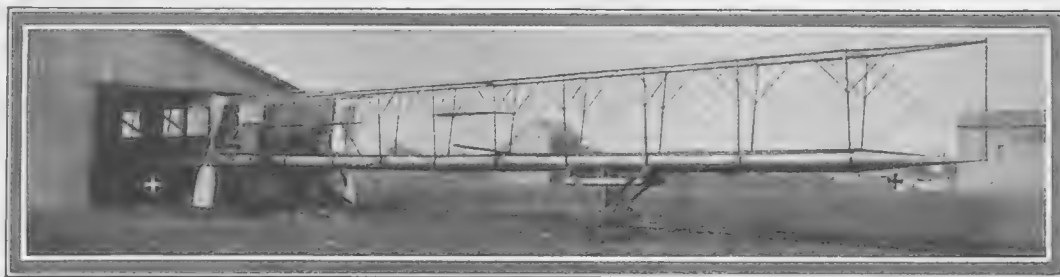
Messrs. Panhard and Levassor, but whether this is the famous car driven to victory by M. Levassor in the first great French race the inscribed card sayeth not, though, seeing whence it comes, I fancy this must be so, and that the gear-box thereto belonging contains that famous gear-changing device of which its adaptor said that "it was brutal, but it worked." Curiously enough, its descendants are not quite so brutal to-day, but they are to all intents and purposes the same, and they continue to work most satisfactorily, with such slight emendations as nosed teeth, selector devices, and the gate change. The first De Dion petrol-driven motor-cycle will have great interest for the motor-cyclist of to-day, although the exhibition lacks an early motor-bicycle; while, having regard to the number of users of Renault cars at the present time, the first car built by Louis Renault—a 1½-h.p. Renault car, which, by the way, is still in perfect working order—will interest many modern car-users.

The German Dark Ages.

The German dark ages are not well represented, an undated 1½-h.p. Velocipede car (Draisienne) leading in point of age, and being supported by an 1894 Daimler, with belt drive, tube ignition, scoop pump, chain-steering on King-bolt front axle, and, owing to the exposed position of the driver and passenger in those days, a foot-warmer. This car is lent by Mr. Theodore F. S. Tinne, a very early English motorist. There follows a 3½-h.p. German Daimler, with

tube ignition and a pressure-fed spray carburetter. The early Benz cars are present in one example only, and as these vehicles were so early in the field with high-tension ignition and automatic additional air-valves (although these were placed in the crown of the cylinder), this sparsity of the most popular of pioneer cars is to be regretted. The early efforts of the United States are instanced by a 6-h.p. White Steam Car only.

[Continued on a later page.]



THE STRANGEST PETROL-TANK IN THE WORLD: THE SPIRIT-RESERVOIR OF THE WELLMAN BALLOON FOR THE NORTH POLE.

The petrol necessary to the attempt to reach the North Pole in the Wellman balloon will be carried in the long tank here shown as part of the framework of the air-ship, which will hold over 835 gallons.—[Photograph by Topical.]



DRIVING IN THE PARK—IN CALIFORNIA: A MOTOR-CAR PASSING THROUGH A PARK AT STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA, DURING THE RECENT FLOODS.

Photograph by Logan.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Ascot. Preparations are almost complete for the greatest race-meeting of the year, which opens on Tuesday next. The course looks a picture, last week's rains having freshened it up wonderfully, and the going will not be so hard as in some years. Ascot transcends all other race-fixtures for many reasons. The stakes are exceptionally valuable, the horses that run for them are mostly of the tip-top class, there are no selling-races, and the many men and the few women who own the horses that run are all people of distinction. The two most important handicaps — the Ascot Stakes, run on the first day, and the Royal Hunt Cup, run on the second — always bring out large fields and induce plenty of speculation. The latter race especially appeals to backers, presumably on account of the extreme difficulty of finding the winner; for I have often noticed that the more open a race looks the more it attracts the backer. For the Stakes I hear that Pure Gem is fancied. Mr. Joel's horse ran very well in the Cesarewitch last year, for which he started favourite, and only

Doncaster. What Minoru has done once I see no reason for expecting him not to repeat. He is as good a stayer as the other, and is under no suspicion of having a roguish tendency. Not that there was any display of the sort by Louviers in the Derby, but we have Stern's word for it that Louviers does not always put it all in. The Derby first and second can be opposed by Bayardo, Valens, Strickland, The Story, Verne, and William the Fourth, of which, on Epsom running, all can be wiped out except William the Fourth, who did exceedingly well. He should improve a lot between now and September, but so should the other pair. The King's previous triple-crown winner was Diamond Jubilee in 1900, ridden by Herbert Jones. It will be a great feather in that jockey's cap to achieve the feat again.

Starting. It afforded me great satisfaction to see an electrical apparatus fitted to the starting-gates at Kempton. For years I have been hammering away at the idea, which was first put into practice by my old friend Mr. Richard Figes when he was official starter to the French Jockey Club. The method was so successful from the time of its adoption that the wonder is that it was not given a trial in this country before this season. Mr. Figes, when describing his method of starting, so impressed me with its superiority over the ordinary lever system that I at once began to urge its introduction here. The Electra episode forced the whole starting question to the fore again. The starter said that he had never had such a quiet lot of mares under his control, and that Electra was lined up with the others. The jockey who rode Electra, on the other hand, said he had no idea the lever was about to be pulled and that his mare was half turned away. The day when every start shall be perfect will never dawn; but if our starters could all have the advantage of the system originated by Mr. Figes, by which they could not only look along the starting-line, but also take almost a front view, and, what is perhaps as important, could release the tapes without the jockeys being cognisant of the moment that they were about to do so, we should have even better starts than we do now.

without the jockeys being cognisant of the moment that they were about to do so, we should have even better starts than we do now.

CAPTAIN COE.



RUNNER-UP FOR THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: CAPTAIN C. K. HUTCHISON (HONOURABLE COMPANY).

Yentoi beat him. Yentoi, who is a true stayer, is entered here, as is also Clarionet, who is a greatly improved horse since last year. In the Royal Hunt Cup the American colt Sir Martin may be given a chance to wipe out the bad luck he met with in the Derby. He is tremendously fast and can carry heavy weights with success, as witness his Newmarket victory. Another very fast colt is Gallas, trained by Gilpin. Whatever his fate at Ascot, Gallas is sure to win a good race or two before the end of the season.

St. Leger. Should Minoru and Louviers both steer clear of mishap, the St. Leger will be the race of the year. Even though the field were reduced to that pair, the contest would beat all others for excitement. After what we saw at Epsom, there are two camps, and when you get keen opposition you get interest. There are those who contend that if Minoru had not had all the luck of the race he would not have won the Derby, and that Louviers should have beaten him. Apart from all theorising on the matter, what we know is that Louviers when ridden by Stern is as nearly as possible the same colt as Minoru in point of racing capacity. The long-drawn-out battle at Epsom in which Minoru triumphed by a head was a thrilling sight, and I hope to see it repeated at



AFTER AN EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD FINAL: MR. ROBERT MAXWELL, THE NEW AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION, RECEIVING THE CUP FROM MR. PATRICK MURRAY.

The final for the Amateur Golf Championship at Muirfield proved a particularly fine game. Mr. Maxwell beat Captain Hutchison by one up. — [Photographs by the Sports Co.]

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Lady and the Air-Ship.

Women are taking so readily to the new excitement of careering through the air that we shall soon hear of some intrepid feminine aeronaut who has successfully crossed the Channel on her own "plane." I presume the new vehicles will be called by some abbreviated word, seeing that twentieth-century folk are at once too strenuous and too fatigued to pronounce more than one syllable. The Channel, from Dover to Calais, would appear to be an almost ideal "flying-course," for the dry land (after Count Zeppelin's disastrous encounter with a gay and innocent pear-tree) would seem to be as inappropriate a place for air-ships as for vessels which navigate on deep waters. But the open sea presents no difficulties—except that of sudden immersion—while if one could fly from Folkestone to Boulogne in half an hour without the inconvenience of seasickness, not a doubt of it but every woman in quest of a new hat would hasten by aeroplane to the French shore, and "so by rail," as Pepys would say, to the capital which contains the Rue de la Paix. At the same time, with the increasing popularity of dangerous sports, it is doubtful whether in the coming years women will wear Parisian hats or any such exuberant fripperies at all. Mrs. Aubrey le Blond has recently been telling us "what to wear" when climbing the Matterhorn. It will soon be necessary for some expert to tell her feminine contemporaries of a costume which would be at once *chic* and appropriate while manœuvring their own air-ships in the clouds.

"Oh, Hé,
l'Anglaise!"

We are taken
mightily seriously
in M. David

Staars' recent portentous volume entitled "The Englishwoman," and for the first time we find a Frenchman making handsome tribute to all that the feminine Islanders have done for civilisation. We are so often being told of the mental superiority of the Frenchwoman, of her unapproachable grace and charm, as well as her extraordinary aptitude for business, that it is soothing to our patriotism to find a Gallic neighbour who sees in our home-made feminine propaganda the beginnings of an epoch-making movement. M. Staars is a whole-hearted admirer of the daughters of once perfidious Albion, and fails to do justice to no single pioneer, from the intellectual women of the Renaissance to Lady Frances Balfour.

A Chastening Game.

There is, it seems, a prejudice against tennis among the more fanatical observers of Sunday, yet the same pious folk have little objection to croquet as an exercise on the seventh day of the week. We are told—and probably with truth—that

seventeenth-century Puritans objected to bear-baiting on a Sunday, not because it was painful to the bear, but because it gave the people pleasure. This attitude of mind is eminently human, or at any rate English, and is the cause, I surmise, of the fine distinction drawn by the modern Puritan between tennis and croquet on the Sabbath day.

Tennis, they think, is an eminently exhilarating pastime; and when young people are to be seen leaping in the summer sun, radiantly clad in dazzling flannel, and giving vent to cries of joy and triumph, it is obvious that they are getting too much pleasure from their exercise, and that the whole proceeding is scandalous. Croquet, on the other hand, is seldom hilarious; it is, on the contrary, a form of discipline in self-control, patience, good manners, and other virtues difficult of acquirement. Though it has a fatal allurements for its devotees, they are a strenuous, mournful, and chastened folk. In short, it is a game which the most fanatical Sunday-observer hesitates to ban, so valuable is it as a discipline for fallible human nature.

Do We Drink Too Much Tea?

Mr. Barry Pain
has recently
arraigned the

tea-drinkers in no uncertain tones. He sees in the cup which is served in many British households at eight a.m., at ten a.m., at five p.m. (and in extreme cases at 11 p.m.), a drug more fatal than "poppy or mandragora." Our tea-drinking habits, he thinks, are one of the outward signs of our national decadence. He waxes wroth over the City gentleman who must have his Souchong of an afternoon. He objects to it because it makes the City gentleman happy in a quiet and unuproarious manner, and would liefer that our merchants and legislators, our writers and soldiers got intoxicated in the fearless old fashion. "Tea," he declares, "is a barren drink. It triumphs now because it suits the times, anæmic and self-conscious, over-civilised and devitalised, hesitating and unproductive." Yet the tea-drinking nations have a way of surviving more convivial races. With all their brilliant and

amiable qualities, the Irish, for instance, have not made a great show in the world's history; whereas the Russians—who may be said to be soaked with tea all day long—have acquired the largest continuous Empire on the face of the globe. Another tea-drinking race—the Chinese—have played for some thousands of years a considerable part in civilisation; and it is obvious to all that the denizens of the Middle Kingdom are just entering on a new and more militant phase. Tea, in their case, has certainly not devitalised them; so that the Anglo-Saxon victims of this pernicious habit may still look forward to enacting an important rôle in the great drama of Life.



[Copyright.]

A SMART TIGHTLY FITTING GOWN, SKETCHED AT THE
WHITE HOUSE, 51, NEW BOND STREET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

Settling Down. The Whitsuntide recess has been stretched somewhat beyond the usual limit. This is largely because the Upper House has a longer holiday: many of its members are keeping away until after Ascot. This week is a very busy one: nights and days filled with engagements—the first real settling-down to the doings of the season. The earlier part of it has been given up to the knights of the quill—if not of the Plume. The Prince and Princess of Wales's garden-party, attended by the King and Queen, followed by an evening party given by the Marchioness of Salisbury, will be succeeded by a garden-party on Thursday by the Duchess of Wellington, and a party by the Duchess of Sutherland that evening; so these wielders of the weapon mightier than the sword will see the interiors of some of the historic homes of London. In addition, this week the Caledonian Ball kept up its brilliant prestige on Monday night; Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox married the Hon. Hermione Fellowes yesterday. To-day (Wednesday) Viscount Bury marries pretty Lady Myer Carrington; the Queen reviews the Queen Alexandra League of Children's Helpers in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea; the Church Pageant opens at Fulham; the King and Queen hold the third Court of the year, and there is a splendid concert at Holland House for the Chelsea Hospital for Women. These are all very important events; there are hundreds of others.

Homing Dukes and Duchesses. Their Graces of Portland and his Grace of Sutherland have been to Madrid for Whitsuntide, and have now returned, while the Duchess of Sutherland has been in Paris. The Duke and Duchess of Portland, who splendidly entertained the King and Queen of Spain at Welbeck Abbey, have twice since enjoyed their Majesties' hospitalities in Spain. It has been said that a young Anglo-Spanish Duke is a suitor for their daughter's hand. Other rumours point to the desirability of an alliance between two great Northern houses—the Leveson-Gowers and the Bentincks. The latter might come about in two ways: the Marquess of Stafford and Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck or the Marquess of Titchfield and Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower. However, they are all over young to marry yet, and rude people call rumour a lying jade!

Where to Die. England is by common consent the most delightful country to live in. Recent legislation has led a great many heads of families to regard it as the most undesirable land to die in. What can be done in the circumstances is rather difficult to understand. Some enterprising authors, instead of telling us how to be happy though married, what to do with our sons, the way to stop our daughters wanting votes—might devote their attention to telling us where to die to avoid death duties. If a coach-and-four can be driven through most Acts of Parliament, surely a hearse-and-pair can walk sedately through this one!

White So Very White. The time is here when we should be taking our pleasure daintily and lightly clad. That the weather clerk has postponed this charm to our existence is sad, but we live in hope and prepare for summer. A linen specialist is a thing that we delight in; it seems that we feel the genial heat as we look at linen, and

rejoice in breezes from the hills and sea. The White House, 51, New Bond Street, is a very treasure-house of tubbing daintiness. There are linen coats and skirts with handsome embroideries in the effective padded work mingled with crochet that are stylish and handsome; jumper linen dresses to wear over net yokes and sleeves in all pale shades, blouses, and tightly fitting gowns, one of which is illustrated on "Woman's Ways" page. It is of fine white batiste with a cuirasse of embroidery coming down over the hips; the sleeves are also pleated and fitted into cuffs.

There are round damask table-cloths with hand-made lace inserted, and the daintiest of fine linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, with any combination of two-letter monogram, exquisitely embroidered, for 16s. 9d. the dozen, some at 7s. 11d. These are available for men as well as for ladies. There are many things at the White House which cannot be bought elsewhere, and prices are most moderate—two things that make for success.

Chilly but Classical.

The modification of Greek dress to our modern conditions so cleverly made by our best known-modistes is much better than the real thing. I saw on a day when the June east wind was working its wicked will a tall, gaunt man, a handsome woman, and a chubby child in the old tunic and cloak and sandals of ancient Greece. They looked cold, but not half so much so as I felt. One positively owed them a grudge for adding sympathetic horror to the rigours of the day. Not until imbibing hot tea before a fire could one discuss them without a shiver.

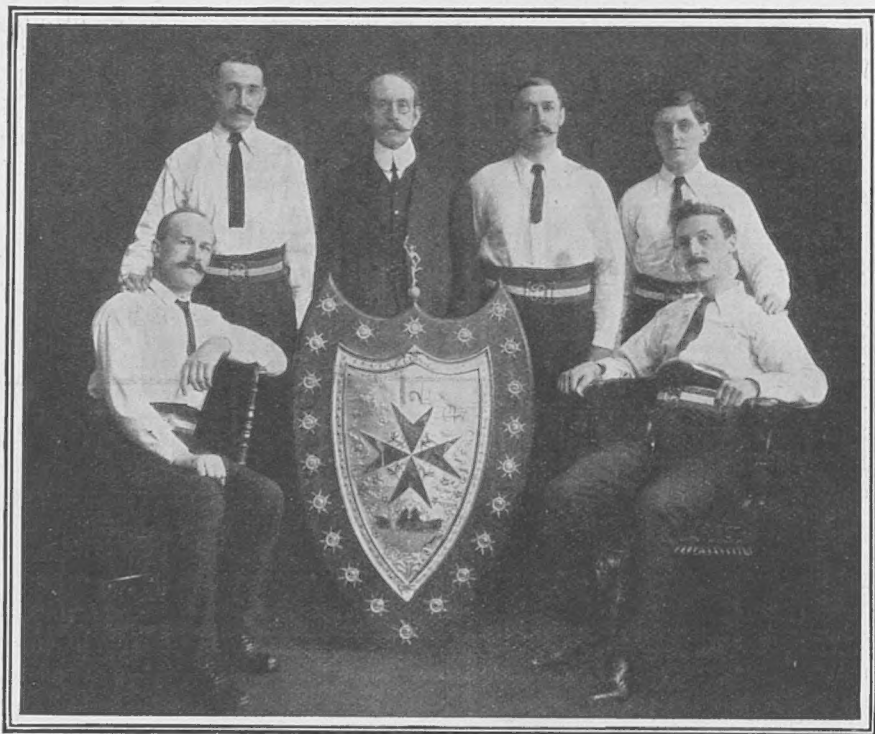


A POPULAR MEMBER OF "THE FOLLIES": MISS EFFIE COOK.

Miss Effie Cook, like all the other Follies, has made a great hit in London this season as a member of that celebrated troupe, who have invented a new form of dramatic parody in their "potted plays."

Photograph by Langley.

On Saturday last Bournemouth was in full fête, when the Lord Mayor of London, Sir George Truscott, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs, opened, with all due pomp and circumstance, the new enlargement of Bournemouth Pier. The proceedings began with a civic procession from the Central Station to the Winter Gardens, where a luncheon was given, followed by another procession to the pier. There the actual opening ceremony took place. In the afternoon there was a garden-party, and a special concert in the evening, amid illuminations of the pier and gardens. On Sunday the Lord Mayor attended service at St. Peter's Church in state, and returned to town on Monday morning.



WINNERS OF THE ALL-ENGLAND RAILWAY AMBULANCE TROPHY: THE L. AND N. W. RAILWAY TEAM FROM WOLVERHAMPTON.

The final of the Inter-Railway Ambulance Competition, in which twenty-five companies competed, was held at the Portman Rooms the other day, when the championship was won by the London and North Western Railway's Wolverhampton team, who had already proved themselves the best team on their own line. They received the Silver Challenge Shield from the hands of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, and also prizes presented by the St. John Ambulance Association.

At Munich this summer a series of festival plays is to be given in the Künstler Theater, under the management of Max Reinhardt. From June 18 to 27 there will be several performances each of "Hamlet," "Faust," "Twelfth Night," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," followed by Schiller's "Robbers" on June 29, a play of Aristophanes on July 2, and "The Merchant of Venice" on July 5. Seats may be booked with Messrs. Schenker and Co., Tourist Office, 16, Promenade Platz, Munich.

Golfers will find a very handy little vade-mecum in "The Westminster Gazette Golf Guide to Links Round London," just issued from the office of that paper at the price of 3d. It includes about a hundred courses within reach of town for the day or week-end, giving particulars of fees and membership rules, where-

abouts of the course, railway and motor routes, and name and address of secretary. As Mr. Horace Hutchinson says in his preface, "it ought to fill a felt want."

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 23.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

LOOKING at the crowd that blocked up Throgmorton Street, Our Stroller said to himself, "Why, it reminds me of—let me see, when was it? Oh, yes; I remember—just before peace was declared in South Africa. That must have been in the first half of Nineteen-o-two."

In truth, all the familiar scenes of boomlet days, or evenings, were being re-enacted. Outside the House swarms of men made up thick little clusters, in the middle of which two or three shouted prices in tones raucous, and incomprehensible except to trained ears.

There was the regular struggle by the police to keep the crowd on the pavement moving. There was the usual little knot of speculating financial writers for the daily papers. There was the usual jobber bidding for Johnnies "call o' more to-morrow."

"What does 'call o' more' mean?" asked our friend of a Kaffir dealer

"Why, call o' more, of course," was the rather surprised answer. "He wants to buy shares call o' more, don't you see?"

Our Stroller looked completely mystified, and the jobber saw that he was a new chum at the game. So he explained more fully—

"Suppose Johnnies are either side of 2 for the ordinary account outright. Well, a man perhaps will bid close over 2—that's two and a sixty-fourth—for the call of more during the account."

"Which means?"

"That if he gets, say, a hundred shares, he gets with them the right to take a hundred more at the same price for the rest of the account. It's an option, see?"

"And is it often done?"

"Often? Why there's a pot of money made at it by clever speculators. They buy their shares call of more, and if the price rises to what they've paid, they sell the firm shares, and have a free option over an equal number for the rest of the account."

"I begin to understand."

"Say a man does this. As soon as he is out of his firm stock without loss, he can go and open something else call of more, having his free option in hand, as it were. I've seen a man do it with a dozen different things in an account, and make a fine haul."

"But supposing the market doesn't give you the chance of getting out of what you call the firm stock."

"Ah, there's the rub. You've got to get started well, and then you're all right."

Our Stroller thanked him courteously.

Suddenly the swell of sound was drowned in a wild offering of Rand Mines.

"Boom's all over," quietly and cheerfully observed a broker, as he lit a cigarette. "Hear that?"

Not one, but four men openly derided him. He was told not to talk rot, not to play the bear, not to believe nonsense, and not to be—well, never mind.

"The market is as good as gold."

"Better," declared another; "better, because it will go farther."

"There's no slump about it yet," a third man stated. "I am astonished at the wonderful undercurrent of strength. I never saw a Kaffir Market so really, substantially strong as this one."

"But supposing that a European—"

"That's the one and only thing the market's got to be afraid of. Reactions we don't mind: like 'em, in fact. They're good medicine for the market. But political complications might upset us pretty badly. Fortunately, there—"

"What I'm told to buy," Our Stroller overheard one man say confidentially to another, "is West Bankets, or Lomagundas, or either of the others that are going to be formed into this new Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia. Of course, it's a taking-up job, but I believe there are good profits to be made out of it."

"Gamble, I suppose?"

"Oh, purely. All depends upon the rest of the market keeping good. But that's what I'm told, and by the best people, too. If you like, we will go—"

"Not it!" cried a jovial voice close at hand. "The West African Market's in for a good time, and don't you forget it. I've done pages and pages of bargains to day—"

"What ought I to buy?"

"What ought you to buy? Anything you can lay your hands on, of course. Fanti Consols, Fanti Mines, Little Prestea, Prestea Block A—all going up, every man jack of them. Now—"

Our Stroller was clapped lustily on the shoulder by his broker.

"You all seem frantically bullish out here," said our friend.

"So we are," was the cheery answer. "And haven't we every reason to be? Prices rising, business good, everyone overworked, and pale but confident—"

"There must be a slump one day?" suggested Our Stroller.

His broker shivered. "Don't let's think about it," he replied. "We know it, but we are all of us—er—forgetting it."

THE PRICE OF RUBBER.

Although there has been less activity recently in the Rubber share market, it would be a mistake to suppose that there has been any weakness, and, indeed, it is impossible that there should be any substantial reaction while the price of rubber continues to creep up, and looks like reaching record figures. The real reason for the diminution of activity is probably to be found in the superior attractiveness to speculators of the South African Mining market. With regard to the immediate future of the price of rubber some interesting statements were made at the recent meeting of the Lanadron Rubber Estates. I think I cannot do better than quote from the speech of Mr. Devitt (of Messrs. Lewis and Peat, the well-known Rubber brokers) as follows: "So far as we can see—and we do a good deal of business in Rubber, both fine Para and other sorts—there is very little chance of seeing rubber prices lower, at all events for this year. Consumers and manufacturers all over this country, the Continent, and America are clamouring now for plantation rubber who some little time ago were afraid to touch it. . . . With regard to the prospects of prices continuing or being likely to go back, I may tell you that we have to-day had orders for plantation rubber for delivery or shipment from the East up to the end of this year, which is seven months, at 5s. 7d. per lb. That will show you what manufacturers, consumers, and dealers think of the prospects of rubber, or else they would not be willing and eager to make contracts for six months ahead at such a price as that. . . . Although the crop of fine Para is a fair one—there are 40,000 tons from the Amazon this year—there is not enough to go round, and therefore the price of fine Para is steadily creeping up." If the above forecast is correct, and there has been a further advance in the price of rubber since these remarks were made, it will mean that the profits of all the producing Companies for 1909 will be enormously in advance of those for last year, as they will have the advantage of much larger crops and much higher prices simultaneously. Holders of such shares as *Anglo-Malay, Linggi, Selangor, Bukit Rajah*, etc., will be well advised to hold their shares in the assurance that earnings are at the rate of over 10 per cent. on the present market price.

KAFFIRS.

The considerable amount of profit-taking which has been in evidence this week in the Kaffir Market is the happiest augury for the future of this section, and no doubt is entertained by those who are in a position to gauge the immediate prospects of the industry that much higher prices will be ruling in the next few months. If your readers will be content to buy such sound shares as *Rand Mines, Goldfields, East Rand, City Deep, Ferreira Deep, Village Deep*, etc., they may count on receiving excellent returns on their investment, with an appreciation in capital value. The fact is that the element of the "life of the mine" is largely eliminated in the case of the great amalgamated deep-level companies, and the public is going to be content with a 6 or 7 per cent. return on their capital, in the certainty that all the ground beyond the present boundaries of the deep-level companies must come to them in process of time, because the reefs at those great depths will pay no one else to work.

June 5, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. R.—(1) We hear good accounts of the Argentine Company mentioned by you, but prefer Santa Fé Land or the Preference shares of the Argentine Land and Investment Company, both of which are doing well, we know. (2) The best Nitrate shares should be bought, in our opinion, especially the Company named by you; but if the Combination is not renewed there may be a bad time while the weaker concerns are being squeezed out.

P. E. J.—Yes, "Q" confirms what we said last week.

H. P. (Wiesbaden).—We only write private letters in accordance with Rule 5. As to the Railway, we are holders, and certainly expect that the price of the stock should improve, especially if the expected 5 per cent. can be paid on the Ordinary. A great deal depends on the traffic increases for the rest of the month.

J. C.—We wrote to you on June 1.

RETIRED PAY.—No.

SUBRIC.—We can learn nothing of the Company mentioned. What was its last address known to you? If you will send us one shilling to pay fee we will have a search made at Somerset House.

TEXTILE.—Both Rubber Companies seem on merits worth buying, but you should pay for and take up the shares. See "Q's" note above.

O. C.—We are not going to prophesy as to when Randfontein is going to pay a dividend. People do not speculate in this sort of share on immediate dividend prospects. Watch the market and get out with a good profit.

G. L. B.—To fix prices at which you will clear out is sheer folly. The only reasonable way is to watch the market, and sell when you think there is likely to be a set-back. If you like to lock both your shares up and forget all about them, we think you will get higher prices this time next year.

AURUM.—See "Q's" note.

REX.—If you have merely bought as a speculation for a quick profit, cut your loss. Our idea is that, as a speculative investment to be held, they are some good.

FLEET SURGEON.—Your letter has been answered.

Mr. H. St. John Oliver, who lately left the Stock Exchange over the advertising difficulty and started as a broker in St. James's Street, has issued at the price of eighteenpence a handy little book called "Dividend-Payers of South and West Africa." It gives most useful details of most of the principal mines of the Rand, Rhodesia, and West Africa, including the yield, working costs, probable life, and all other information necessary to form an opinion of the value of the property. It is a pity the booklet does not include concerns like Rand Mines and Consolidated Goldfields.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Lingfield some of the following may go close: Village Handicap, Pretty Quick; High-Class Handicap, Knead; Club Welter, Fort Myers; Eden Handicap, Cuffs; Grange Handicap, Floridor; Godstone Plate, Index. At Beverley, the Beverley Handicap may be won by Phrygia, and the Grand Stand Handicap by Jaque. At Gatwick the following should run well: Gatwick Selling Handicap, Sella; Horsehoe Handicap, Detection; Home-Bred Plate, McIntyre; Evelyn Handicap, Ute; Home-Bred Three-Year-Old Plate, Folderol; Crabbett Plate, Dynamite III. I think Pure Gem will win the Ascot Stakes, Phaleron may win the Prince of Wales' Stakes, and McIntyre the Coventry Stakes.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.

(Continued.)

A Tyre Manual
Desirable.

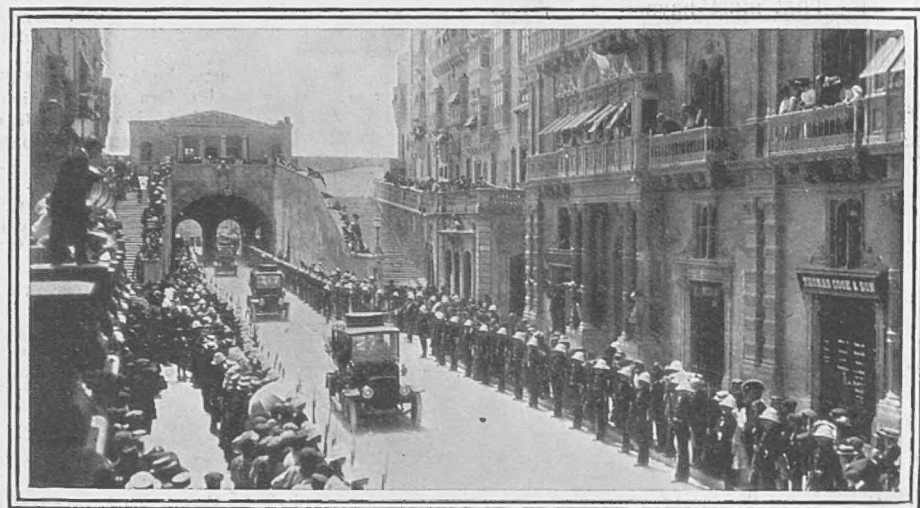
Dunlop-tyre users, and their name to-day is legion, should not fail to become possessed of a well-presented work just issued by the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, Ltd., and entitled "Dunlop British-made Tyres." Apart from the price-list, which is wonderfully complete, and the repairs cost-list, which is useful, there is a section dubbed "Practical Points on the Selection of Motor-Tyres," which proffers advice golden to the tyre-user. First the structure of a tyre is explained, and the causes of deterioration are set out. Counsel on the alignment of wheels, the lubrication of tyres—for, strange as it may sound, tyres must be lubricated—with French chalk, is also given, followed by most valuable hints on "Tyre Repairing." Then the construction and advantages (which are manifold) of the Dunlop detachable rim, and the manipulation of the Dunlop Tyre Manipulator are descriptively dealt with, and the book concludes with the history of Dunlop triumphs in 1908, a fully illustrated and priced list of sundries, and a complete list of the Dunlop agents. Really, a work to have!

Cars Enough for
La Coupe!

So far as entries go, the Coupe des Voiturettes, which is the only public motor-car race to be decided in France this year, promises to prove quite a success. No fewer than twenty-five cars are inscribed, and this number may be augmented yet by double-fee post entries. England is represented by three cars only, and those Calthorpes, so that this country will have some interest in the result of the race, which is to be decided over the Boulogne Circuit on Sunday, 20th inst.

The Last Hope
Gone.

The text of the Finance Bill, which was published in certain of the daily papers of May 31, has deprived motorists of the last hope that their future as to imposts is not so black as had been imagined. In the matter of the motor-spirit tax, there is to be no chance of evasion by the use of benzol, naphtha, or even paraffin. According to the wording of the measure, the expression "motor-spirit" is to include any inflammable hydrocarbon (including any mixture of hydrocarbons and any liquid containing hydrocarbons) which is capable of being used for providing reasonably efficient motive power for a motor-car; and the expression "manufacturer of motor-spirit" includes a refiner of motor-spirit and a person otherwise preparing motor-spirit. The Act, however, still leaves us in the dark with regard to the calculation of the horse-power rating, by which the amount of annual taxation per motor-car is to be fixed.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON HIS RECENT VISIT TO MALTA.

This photograph of the German Emperor motoring in Malta during his visit to the island was taken on May 22. It is worth noticing that all three of the cars used were Daimlers.

Tyre Wear Inside and Out. Michelin "Friday," No. 24, from the pen of Bibendum, of 49-50, Sussex Place, South Kensington, S.W., presents some excellent

information with regard to the wear of tyre-covers. Every cover is subject to two kinds of wear—outside and inside wear—which are wholly independent of each other. Inside wear is the result of the mechanical stress brought upon the canvas; outside wear is caused by road-friction, etc. Curiously, the roads that wear out non-skids generally do the least damage to smooth treads, and vice versa. On very dusty roads, the studs of non-skid tyres hardly wear at all. Tyres should be frequently examined internally as well as externally, for it often happens that a tyre which presents a shocking appearance outside is quite sound within and quite suitable for retreading.

10/- TO £2

Allowance for old cover, any make, in exchange.

Write for Latest List.

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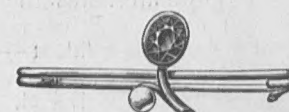
Gold Safety Pin Brooch (hinged), 1 1/2 in. 7s. 6d., 1 1/4 in. 6s. 6d., 1 1/8 in. 5s. 6d., 1/2 in. 10s. 6d.

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